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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As we ventured to predict would be the case, Mr. Poland evidently finds considerable difficulty in determining what is the precise nature of the offence which the unfortunate Mr. Marvin has committed. The case is still proceeding, and, if we may anticipate, from Mr. Poland's remarks, the line he intends to adopt, he will argue that even if Mr. Marvin took nothing away with him from the Foreign Office, he yet is by construction guilty of sufficient "asportation" to constitute larceny. If, it will be contended, while he was actually within the walls of the office he made a copy of the *projet de memorandum* in his own note-book or committed its contents to memory, he so, in the eye of the law, took it out of the possession of its lawful owners into his own, and, consequently, stole it. Such a technicality is, we humbly venture to submit, too wire-drawn to be seriously entertained. If the Treasury can make out that Mr. Marvin took away anything with him from the Foreign Office, be it only a few shorthand memoranda, or a piece of blotting paper, they will, perhaps, be able to persuade a jury that he committed larceny. Failing this, however, the prosecution will fail—a consummation that will not, under all the circumstances, call for any very great regret. The *Globe*, we notice, stoutly refuses to give any evidence that may incriminate its *employé*. Mr. Cross, it is reported, was good enough to "send for" the editor of the *Globe*, and that gentleman so far forgot his editorial dignity as to wait upon Mr. Cross at the Home Office. When, however, he was asked what information he was able to give that would be calculated to lead to Mr. Marvin's conviction, he very properly and prudently answered that he declined to make any statement whatever.

The virtuous indignation which the conduct of the *Globe* has aroused among its daily competitors is, as we remarked last week, almost grotesque. The *Globe* simply did what every other newspaper would do if it only had the chance. It obtained a piece of important information; it was satisfied as to its authenticity; and it forestalled the newspaper market by publishing it. If this be an offence, what are we to say of *The Times* for publishing, during the Franco-German war, the full text of the Benedetti Treaty; or of the fact that on Monday the *Daily Telegraph* was enabled to announce the intended occupation of Cyprus? Why should the unlucky Mr. Marvin be deemed a criminal for giving a "tip" to the *Globe* when Ministers themselves give "tips" of precisely the same kind, and of equal importance, to other papers? In many instances, information thus graciously accorded is the reward of persistent devotion, and is worth much more than its value as an item of news. For the last six months any newspaper proprietor or editor honoured with the early confidence of Her Majesty's Ministers must have had it in his power to make almost a fortune. We do not, of course, for a moment wish to suggest that the stern virtue of these gentlemen has not been altogether proof against such temptation. But then there is every difference between a wealthy capitalist or a highly paid editor on the one hand, and on the other an humble clerk paid at the rate of tenpence an hour. Great folk who can afford the luxury of honesty ought not to be too severe over the little defaults of their humbler fellow-creatures. There is, after all, profound wisdom in Becky Sharpe's remark that nothing is easier than to be strictly honest and virtuous on 5,000*l.* a year.

Evidently, the leading Ministerial organ itself attaches no small importance to its "tip" of Monday last. On the following day it returned to the subject in its most imperial vein. "Those," it commenced, "who doubted, or affected to doubt, the accuracy of the important announcement which we made yesterday regarding the Convention between Her Majesty and the Sultan, and the transfer to Great Britain of the island of Cyprus, have not had long to wait for the verification which they desired. In both Houses of Parliament last night our statement received the most literal and explicit confirmation, while the cheers which greeted the official declarations of the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Cross showed that the two Chambers take the same view as ourselves of this great diplomatic event." Now, what does this come to but a sort of official announcement that "we," *i.e.*, the paper in question, had communicated to us by the Ministry an important secret, given exclusively to ourselves, and not confided to any other paper. And, if Ministers and their underlings do really give valuable information in this way as a reward of faithful support, wherein do they differ from a writing clerk who, when he has the chance, pockets a few pounds for doing the same thing?

It is reported that the French Senatorial Committee, appointed to inquire into the subject of commercial treaties, have just sent in a report of strongly protectionist character. For Englishmen, however, this will not be so disappointing as the sympathy expressed by our own Chancellor of the Exchequer with certain reactionary movements in England. He lately told the sugar refiners' deputation that their demand for "a countervailing duty" on French sugar, as a counterpoise to the French bounty system, was "not

inconsistent with the principles of free trade." The sugar refiners have established agitation committees at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, Plymouth, Dublin, &c., with the intention, among others, of making it a test question at the next election. If the sugar refiners were as powerful as the publicans—which, of course, they are not—there might be some chance of witnessing the strange spectacle of an English administration supported on a protectionist "plank." All this is hardly calculated to win over our neighbours to rational views of commercial policy. At the same time, we must remember that the report is only such as might have been expected from the present Senate; and different views will perhaps prevail after the elections which are to take place some months hence. Moreover, there are signs that free trade ideas are making way in the country. With M. D'Eichtal as president, and M. Raoul Duval and M. Henri Fould among its leading members, a new association has been formed in aid of the movement, and it has held its first meeting. Again, a meeting was held last Saturday in the Rue Scribe, Paris, by a considerable number of merchants and public men, in favour of free trade and the abolition of all bounties, including the French bounty on exported sugar. Even the English refiners' deputation to M. Léon Say—the first deputation of foreign workmen that has ever called on a French Minister—must have produced a good effect. We may add that another deputation from America, likewise in the general interests of unrestricted commerce, will arrive in Paris early next month.

Defeat, it is said, is the best test of generalship; but the manner in which the supporters of the Cattle Bill have accepted theirs is even more foolish than the style in which they advanced to the fray. In dragging their ill-fated Bill from off the field, and fighting for its mutilated remnants, they have even mistaken friends for foes. The Bill, said Sir William Harcourt on Monday night, amounts to a vote of want of confidence in its author, his Grace of Richmond. This was in reference to the concessions on the compulsory slaughter clauses. Yielding to the force of reason and ridicule—especially the latter—the Government consented to grant discretionary powers with respect to cargoes from the Peninsula, Scandinavia, and Denmark. But they were refused to the Privy Council, practically to the Duke of Richmond, in the case of countries like France and Holland. However, the question which Mr. Forster and his friends insisted on having answered was whether the powers were real or only illusory; and Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson's perplexing explanation had at least the merit of proving that the concessions were so much dust thrown in the eyes of the Opposition. None of the five countries was to be exempted unless it could prove its immunity from disease. It is self-evident that, under a cool provision of this sort, the supposed concessions might easily be rendered worthless. Their authors were somewhat in the position of a fugitive trying to stop the wolves by throwing his offspring overboard. But the trick did not answer. "A doll stuffed with sawdust, give me a good, wholesome baby," said, in effect, the leader of the Opposition pack, and off he went in hot chase. Towards the end of the race it became evident that the Government meditated a genuine sacrifice. There is little doubt but that Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark will be treated under this extraordinary Bill pretty much as they were before it came into existence. But why these alone? France is a very safe country, and so is Holland. The Government, in short, began by scheduling every country. Then it made an exception in the case of Canada and America. Next, it has "unscheduled" five more; so that the clauses, as they stand, exist for the sake of the four remaining countries of the total eleven whence we import live stock. These four may, perhaps, be released also, when the Government can do it quietly in committee. Humiliation is an unpleasant if, in this case, wholesome medicine; and it would have been cruel to have forced people to swallow too much of it in the full publicity of a Parliamentary field-day.

"There is nothing in the nationality of a beast," said Sir William Harcourt at the same debate, "and an Irish beast may carry disease just as much as any other." Most people would accept Sir William's assurance without question; but upon the Conservative mind, which is peculiarly constituted, it may come like a revelation. Otherwise, the Government will be bound by its own logic to stand up for the proposition that there *is* something in "the nationality of a beast," more particularly an Irish beast. It is more likely than not that we catch more cattle disease from Ireland than from all the Continental countries put together. Yet a cargo from France must not be allowed to leave, say Deptford, alive; while an infected cargo from Ireland may be conveyed anywhere, the sick animal or animals excepted. And if "there is nothing in the nationality of a beast," will the Government venture to subject Norfolk, or any other English county, to the same *onus probandi* principle which it would impose upon our foreign customers? so that no cattle may leave Norfolk unless it be demonstrated to be "clean." Of course, the farmers, neither of Ireland nor of Norfolk, would stand that regulation for a day. And yet that is the only kind of treatment which will stamp out pleuro-pneumonia and foot-and-mouth. So very true is this, that the Continent and the home markets ought to have changed places in the Bill, so that compulsion and the other heroic remedies might be tried in the counties, and the Privy Council left to exercise its own judgment as regards the ports of landing. Thus the Government has brought itself face to face with this alternative, either a home measure which, though stamping out disease, will rouse the wrath of the farmers themselves, and prove a greater and more expensive curse than the evil it is intended to cure, or one full of uncertainty, obstruction, and worry. The uncertainty may be detected in the definition of such a word as "place." If, suppose, it means the area on which a fair or market is held, what is to be done in the event of the detection of a diseased animal? To kill all the animals in the place would prevent the disease from spreading; but no Government would incur the odium of a systematic treatment of that sort. The truth is, as Mr. Forster remarks, that the subject of the origin and developement of cattle disease is still shrouded in mystery. The suggestion of a connection between the prevalence of disease on the one hand, and the quantity and quality of food and water on the other, which a county member threw out in the course of the debate on Mr. Forster's amendment, deserved more consideration than it appears to have received.

Last Monday's *Daily Telegraph* made merry over the exhibition which, according to our contemporary, Professor Corfield and his friends had been making of themselves, in rejoicing over the prospect of the maintenance of the Puritan Sabbath. Having expended its fun, the *Telegraph* then lectured Dr. Corfield and his associates on the unwisdom of starting "Societies of Bitter Sabbatarians" in the full blaze of the nineteenth century. The fun would have been legitimate, and the exhortation most seasonable, if the supposed offenders had really been "Sabbatarians." It happens, however, that the supposed culprits entertain as hearty a dislike to anything like the Jewish Sabbath as the *Daily Telegraph* itself. The *Telegraph*, in short, confounds the Sunday Society, whose praiseworthy object is recreation for the people, and of whose committee Dr. Corfield is chairman, with the "Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association," whose ambition, to put it mildly, lies rather in the opposite direction. A misplaced criticism like the *Telegraph's* is calculated to impede the operations of so useful a body as the Sunday Society; and it is to be regretted that a journal's accuracy and sense of responsibility do not keep pace with the immensity of its circulation. So far is the Society from being bitterly, or even mildly, Sabbatarian, that, with the kind co-operation of Sir Coutts-Lindsay, it has just concluded an arrangement for three Sunday free exhibitions of the pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, viz., on July 14 and 31, and August 3; on the first day to subscribers and members of the society, and on the other two to the general public.

Tickets will be sent on receipt of an addressed envelope at No. 19, Charing cross. It is to be hoped that other galleries, which we need not further specify, will follow this admirable example, which, we believe, is the first of its kind.

The reply given to Captain Nolan by Colonel Stanley on Thursday night incidentally raises points of some future importance. The Secretary for War stated that the present garrison of Cyprus will consist of 10,000 men, all Sepoys except three English battalions. Whether these proportions are maintained hereafter does not much matter. The point is that the occupying force will be partly composed of native troops entitled to receive pay and allowances on the Indian scale. In the case of officers this is very much higher than the remuneration of similar ranks in the English army. Of course, it cannot be intended that one portion of the garrison shall receive less liberal treatment than the other. Nor is it open to the home Government to reduce the pay of the native contingent to the level of the English moiety of the force. These methods of escape from the dilemma being out of the question, it will only remain to advance the pay of the British regiments up to the level of the Indian scale. In itself only, this would cause a not inconsiderable increase to the army estimates. But even worse seems the anomaly that the troops at Malta would be receiving a much less liberal rate of remuneration than their brethren at Cyprus only 750 miles distant. Under these circumstances the latter island will probably become a very favourite military station.

It is a curious fact that the Report of the Committee on Public Business has fallen flat. Nobody seems to pay the least regard to it, and so we may conclude that we have heard the last of it, for this Session at least. Everybody knows that the Committee has been greatly divided in opinion, and that their recommendations carry but little weight on that account. The truth is their report is an utter failure, in so far as it attempts to deal with the question of facilitating the progress of public business. Mr. Parnell, who dissents from it, is quite right in saying they have hardly dealt with this matter at all. Practically, they have ignored it for the sake of "putting down the Obstructionists." The new rule which is to terrify them into good behaviour is an amusing bit of legislative ineptitude. It is proposed that hereafter, when a member is seen to be wilfully obstructing business or abusing the rules of the House, the Speaker is to name him. Then he is to put the question that the culprit be suspended from his functions during the rest of that sitting. Ten minutes is given to the accused to defend himself, but otherwise the question is to be put and voted on without debate. It is not clear how "wilful obstruction" is to be defined, or how the Speaker is to decide that a member is abusing the forms of the House. The guilt, both in kind and degree, may be very often a matter of opinion, and in that case the new rule puts Mr. Parnell in possession of a terrible weapon. It gives him the right of attacking the Speaker, as presiding officer of the House, who has hitherto been saved from assault, for ten minutes, during which he may, in his most offensive manner, try to show up that august official as being little better than an ass. The other day, the Speaker, very foolishly, as we think, made a ruling that to say "personal squabbles" took place in the House was out of order. Mr. Parnell had to sit down meekly and submit. But, if he had had the right of defending his use of the expression for ten minutes, would he not have ridiculed him ruthlessly for that time? The new rule, if carried out, will simply enable the Home Rulers in about six months to bring the Speaker and Chairman of Committees, especially the latter, into as much contempt as the House itself.

It is bad from another point of view. Why suspend a man for a whole sitting? Is not this inflicting gross injustice on his constituents? If, in debating a particular question, a member so misconducts himself as to deserve suspension, why suspend him for a longer period than the particular debate lasts? Mr. Parnell may, for example, be suspended early in the evening. Towards midnight a totally new question is raised, in which Mr. Parnell's constituents are specially interested, or about which he happens to have special knowledge. Are his constituents to be deprived of the benefit of his advocacy and the House of his knowledge merely because, in discussing another question which has been dismissed altogether, he transgressed the bounds of Parliamentary order? Then, again, a gross injustice is perpetrated by the new rule, inasmuch as it tries a man before and punishes him by the verdict of a jury who may not have been present when his alleged offence was committed, and who may not even have heard a single word of his pleading in justification. A member may thus be gagged at any moment by a Ministry to whom he is obnoxious on the strength of a mistaken opinion of the Speaker's, merely by ringing the division bell and summoning the mechanical majority of legislative loafers, who are kept in the smoking room for the purpose of voting, blind but straight, on questions the discussion of which they have not heard at all.

As to the other rules proposed, they are not of much importance. The most obnoxious is that, when Supply is set down first on Monday, the Speaker shall leave the chair without any question being put. It is simply amazing to find such a proposal emanating from a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer. The rule is a flagrant breach of the Constitution, and it is more than offensive in its suggestion of Imperialism and personal government. What it means is that the Sovereign is to be entitled to demand money from the Commons without giving them the prior right of stating grievances. Everybody knows the old maxim on the strength of which many generations of able parliamentarians have built up the mighty fabric of English liberty—the rule that laid it down that on all occasions "statement of grievance must precede granting of supply." The new proposal is to abrogate this rule on Mondays, thus setting a precedent of which a Ministry of Imperialism and adventure may make use to abrogate the constitutional practice on other days of the week also. If there were any urgent need for the change, we might be willing to consider it, but there is no such need. If Supply takes too much time, why not refer various classes of votes and estimates to several grand committees for consideration and report? We have no objection in the abstract to constitutional changes when they are in the direction of liberty. Our complaint is that the present Government are always insidiously pecking away at the Constitution in another fashion. They are always doing things or suggesting changes in the direction of Imperialism and personal government.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," and it really seems possible that in course of time Judges' Chambers may become a place in which to spend a happy day. A Committee has been sitting upon the subject of how to regulate this interesting bear-garden, and has made a report, and "the same has been printed as a Parliamentary Paper." The Committee consisted entirely of judges, and was presided over by the Lord Chief Justice, whether because his lordship never goes to Chambers, or because the chairmanship of the Extradition and University Commissions was not sufficient to occupy his leisure hours, we are unable to say. It is of more importance that the Committee contained Mr. Justice Lush, probably the greatest living authority on Chamber practice. It cannot but be gratifying to us that several of the proposals sanctioned by this eminent lawyer, and supported by Mr. Justice Field, Baron Huddleston, and Mr. Justice Fry, were recommended some time ago in the columns of this journal. Thus the jurisdiction of the Masters is to be enlarged so as to include the allowance of interrogatories, as well as matters of interpleader, while a further relief is afforded to the Judges by the removal of summonses for

commitment into the Bankruptcy Court, which is their proper sphere. Readers of 'Pickwick' who retain a sentimental weakness for the forms observed in the great cause of Bardwell *v.* Pickwick may regret this last change, but everyone whom the necessities of business force into the legal purgatory of Serjeant's Inn will rejoice that a list of cases is to be printed, suspended, and adhered to. It is to be hoped and expected that Parliament will give, without needless discussion, authority to carry out a change in a mere matter of practice on which the unanimous opinion of experts is final and conclusive.

THE CLOSE OF THE CONGRESS.

To-day, according to all likelihood, the Congress will affix its signature to the Treaty of Peace. With this act the labours of the Congress are at an end, and we are, therefore, in a position to form some opinion as to what the Plenipotentiaries have done or left undone at Berlin. In the first place, then, the Treaty of Paris, concluded in 1856, has been finally dismissed to whatever may be the last resting place of dead compacts and defunct covenants; and with the demise of this treaty Russia has recovered all, and more than all, she lost through the Crimean war. The fate of this cancelled convention illustrates clearly enongh the transitory character of all international agreements. It is barely two-and-twenty years since, by the Treaty of Paris, the chief European Powers guaranteed the integrity of Turkey, laid down certain restrictions calculated to prevent the possibility of any further aggression on the part of Russia, and bound themselves, in case of any attempt being made to evade these restrictions, to resort to arms for the defence of the Ottoman Empire. Yet each one of the bulwarks erected by the Treaty of Paris has been overthrown in turn with scarcely a protest on the part of its signataries; while finally, Turkey has been invaded, conquered, and dismembered by Russia without any one of the Powers bound by the Treaty sending a single soldier to her defence. No doubt reasons of more or less cogency can be adduced to explain why France, Austria, and England have one and all ignored their obligations under the Treaty of 1856. But the incident shows once more that a covenant which there is no power to enforce has no other value than that of expressing the intentions entertained by the parties to the compact at the time of its conclusion. The second result achieved by the Congress at Berlin has been the modification of the Treaty of San Stefano. To speak of this document as being annulled is a mere exaggeration. On the contrary, Russia still retains almost all the advantages secured to her by its terms; and, where she has lost, her loss has not been due to the Congress itself. The one important alteration that has been introduced into the San Stefano programme has been the curtailment of the new Principality of Bulgaria. In consequence of the opposition of England, Bulgaria has been divided into two States, the one which lies north of the Balkans being completely independent, the one to the south enjoying a species of ill-defined autonomy. The Balkans themselves are to form the military frontier of Turkey, and are to be strengthened by a line of fortresses. As we have previously pointed out, the permanent advantage to Turkey of the new limitations assigned to Bulgaria is very problematical. Such as it is, however, it constitutes the sole direct benefit which the Porte has derived from the fact that the conclusion of peace has been transferred from the hands of Russia to those of an European Conference.

On all the other points in the Treaty of San Stefano to which England took exception Russia seems to us to have substantially carried the day. In accordance with her original demand, she has re-acquired possession of Bessarabia and the chief mouth of the Danube, and has done so not of her own will and pleasure, but with the deliberate sanction, if not approval, of the European Powers. In Asia she has obtained all the territory whose cession she demanded from Turkey as the reward of her victories. In Armenia, as well as Bessarabia, she now holds her new possessions in virtue of an European compact, whatever that title may be worth. She keeps Kars and Ardahan, if not Bayazid, and is placed thereby in a military position from which she commands the head of the Euphrates Valley. After all the outcry raised about Batoum and the wrongs of the Lazis, the only difference made by the new treaty is that Batoum is to be declared a free port, though apparently its fortifications are still to be left standing. In as far, too, as we yet know, the amount of the war indemnity remains unchanged, and the arrangements with regard to its payment continue undetermined. On the other hand, it is fair to add that Russia gives up all idea of negotiating a private convention with the Porte in respect of the Straits, and consents to the maintenance of the regulations existing before the war. The allies of Russia, Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, have practically obtained from the Congress the same concessions as were secured to them by the Treaty of San Stefano, though, in almost every instance, these concessions, when they have been modified at all, have been altered to the disadvantage of the independent States. By so doing the Congress has strengthened the conviction prevailing among the Slav races that in the future they have more to expect from Russia than they have from Europe. This conviction, too, is certain to be confirmed by the fate which has befallen Greece. The net result of the policy of inaction, adopted by the Government of Athens at the instigation of England, has been that the Hellenic Kingdom has gained absolutely nothing beyond an abstract expression of opinion that the Porte would act wisely in granting her an extension of territory. Nor has Turkey any special cause to congratulate herself on the intervention of Europe. The acquisition of the Balkans as her military frontier is more than counterbalanced by the loss of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, which the Treaty of San Stefano left subject to the dominion of the Sultan, but which the Congress has transferred to Austria. In fact, looking at the work of the Congress alone, the Turks must inevitably feel that they would have fared better by treating directly with Russia than they have fared in consequence of their appeal to the European Powers.

As a matter of fact, however, the treaty concluded at Berlin must be interpreted by the light of the private Convention between England and Turkey. It is difficult, indeed, to avoid the impression that the discussions of the European Areopagus have more or less resembled a solemn mystification. According to all outward appearances, Russia, Austria, and England, under the guidance of Germary, had agreed beforehand to a programme which amounted in fact, if not in name, to a partition of the Ottoman Empire, while the other Powers who took part in the Congress were called upon without their knowledge to go through the form of deliberating on a foregone conclusion. We have discussed elsewhere the aspect of this Anglo-Turkish treaty from the points of view of English and Continental interests. A certainly not less important question is involved in the consideration how far Russia is likely to be satisfied with the upshot of the Congress. There can be no question that the Government of St. Petersburg was aware before the meeting of the Congress that it would eventuate in the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance in virtue of which England was to assume the protectorate of Turkey in Asia. Now, no argument is required to show that such a solution must, in itself, be distasteful to Russia. Even if the great Muscovite Empire were the least aggressive of Powers, it could not look with favour on an arrangement which apparently bars the way definitely to any further aggrandisement of Russia at the cost of Turkey. As it is, the Czar would have been false to all the traditions of his race and all the aspirations of his country, if he had willingly sanctioned an agreement which, at first sight, would seem fatal to the accomplishment of the "manifest destiny" of the Russian nation. We are forced, therefore, to one of two conclusions. Either the acquiescence of Russia was given under compulsion, or else it was granted under a belief that the barrier against Muscovite

aggrandizement created by the Anglo-Turkish treaty was more formidable in appearance than in reality. The former hypothesis cannot be dismissed as absolutely untenable. We know too little not only of the military resources of Russia, but of the pressure which may have been brought to bear, from whatever motive, by Germany to dismiss the supposition that she may have felt it wiser to consent to any terms imposed upon her sooner than confront the risks of a war with England. The latter explanation, however, seems to us infinitely more probable. The statesmen of St. Petersburg may argue with great plausibility that the practical military advantages accruing to Russia from her unopposed annexations in Asia and Europe infinitely outweigh the importance of any abstract guarantee given by England to Turkey. All experience has shown the futility of these contingent promises on the part of one Power to make war in defence of another at an unknown period and under unforeseen conditions. Moreover, the Russians are too intimately acquainted with the utter disorganisation of the Ottoman Empire not to foresee the probability of various combinations of circumstances under which England might be both unable and unwilling to fulfil the obligations imposed upon her by her protectorate. Our own belief, therefore, is that Russia has acquiesced in our convention with Turkey, because she holds, with or without reason, that the treaty forms no real barrier against her cherished ambitions, while it leaves her in the enjoyment of the important positions she has acquired by the war. If this theory should be correct, Russia is the one Power which has cause to be satisfied with the results achieved by the Congress of Berlin.

THE PROTECTORATE OF ASIA.

Since the news was made public that the Government had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Turkey, and had assumed a virtual protectorate of the Ottoman Empire in Asia, most of our contemporaries have been endeavouring to show that they really knew all about the matter from the first, and were in possession of information which they had not felt themselves at liberty to disclose. For our own part, we make no pretension of this kind. We confess frankly that we were utterly unprepared for the policy to which England has been committed by the Ministry. We confess, further, that, if we had had any suspicion that such a policy was in contemplation, we should have felt it our duty to make known the secret intentions of the Government at the earliest possible moment; and we are only doing our leading contemporaries justice in asserting that they themselves were as unprepared as the public at large for the disclosures in question. Even if we were convinced that the course adopted by the Government was calculated to promote the true interests of the country, we should still feel bound to express extreme disapproval of the manner in which their policy has been carried into effect. Till the other day it would have seemed an empty truism to assert that, by the principles of our constitution, the nation is understood to be the master of its own destinies, the supreme arbiter to whose decision every question of imperial concern is ultimately submitted. With respect to foreign affairs, a latitude of action has always been conceded to the Government far exceeding the power of independent action allowed to the Executive in regard to home concerns. But in all important matters, whether at home or abroad, our Government is understood to act in accordance with the ascertained will of the nation. In the present instance this fundamental principle of our institutions has been deliberately set at naught. Without any previous intimation, the country finds itself committed to liabilities of indefinite duration and unknown magnitude. By a secret treaty, entered into on the sole authority of Her Majesty's Ministers, England is solemnly pledged to consider any further encroachment of Russia upon Turkey as a *casus belli*, and to resist any such encroachment with the whole armed force of the British Empire. No limits of time or circumstance are attached to this pledge; the liability we have assumed is complete and absolute; and henceforward an attack upon any portion of the vast territories still governed by the Porte in Asia constitutes as direct a defiance of British power as the invasion of our Indian dominions.

Moreover, the case is not one of an ordinary alliance between two independent States. If, for instance, after the war of 1870 we had concluded a treaty with France binding ourselves to assist her by arms in the event of any further attack being made upon her by Germany, we should not thereby have assumed any responsibility for her internal government. The administration, however, of Turkey is notoriously so corrupt and so inefficient that, in common decency, as well as ordinary prudence, we cannot bind ourselves to the defence of the Porte in the same way as we might to that of an European country. Our self-respect and our sense of duty will not permit us to uphold the authority of the Sultan within his own dominions if that authority is to be abused in the future as it has been in the past. We have, therefore, been compelled to couple our guarantee of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire with the condition that the Porte shall introduce and carry out such reforms in its Asiatic provinces as we deem essential for the protection of the Christians and the well-being of the community at large. In other words, we have bound ourselves to exercise a protectorate over the whole of Turkey in Asia. Once given the guarantee, and the protectorate became a matter of imperative necessity. England could not be an accomplice in such misgovernment as that by which the Turks have hitherto held their sway east as well as west of the Bosphorus; and, if we were to become the champions of Turkey against Russian aggression, we must also, of necessity, become the protectors of her subject populations against Ottoman license and tyranny. The one step undoubtedly involves the other, but the very existence of this inevitable connection between the two steps affords the strongest reason why we should hesitate, to say the least, before we undertake the first of the two. It is not as if we were dealing with matters in which we have had no experience. The annals of our Indian empire, if they prove nothing else, ought to suffice to teach us the unavoidable consequences of a military alliance in which an European Power is the protector and an Oriental State the protected. With the utmost desire, on our part, to avoid intervention, scandals and abuses are certain to occur in the dominions whose integrity we have guaranteed which must call for interference. Interference, by the logic of facts from which there is no escape, must lead to occupation, and occupation, in its turn, must be succeeded by annexation. Thus we have now entered upon a course which, judging by the whole analogy of our Indian experience, must eventuate in the virtual annexation of Asiatic Turkey to the dominions of the British Crown. Never throughout our annals has England taken a step fraught with more momentous consequences, and under no circumstances could the step have been taken with less of forethought, set purpose, and due deliberation.

Surely, if ever there was a policy which ought only to have been espoused after the fullest and freest consideration by Parliament and the country, it is that by which our national fortunes have now been indissolubly connected with those of the Porte. Yet, for a month after the treaty had been concluded, its existence was only known to a few members of the Government. We shall be told, of course, that the treaty cannot be carried into effect without the approval of the national legislature, as Parliament might in theory pass a resolution of want of confidence in the Government, and decline to vote the supplies by which alone the proposed protectorate can be effectuated. Such a contention, however, is a mere pretence. The Ministry command a majority in the present Parliament which secures them complete immunity from control, while the efforts of the Opposition must necessarily be paralysed by the knowledge that a compact once concluded, however mischievous in itself, cannot be set aside without the gravest detriment to the reputation of England. At the same time, it is idle to assume that the acquiescence of Parliament in an accomplished fact is tantamount to the deliberate approval by the nation of the policy to which we now stand pledged. The honest and straightforward course for the Government to follow would have been to inform the country, before they

consented to take part in the Congress, that in their judgment the safety and welfare of England demanded an armed alliance with Turkey and the establishment of a protectorate over Asia. If they had gone to the country upon this issue, there can be little doubt as to the result. Irrespective of party feeling, the constituencies would, as we believe, have declared by a decisive majority that England was not prepared to undertake responsibilities of such magnitude in order to guard against remote and hypothetical dangers. If, contrary to our expectation, the country had endorsed the Ministerial policy, the action initiated by the Government would have commanded an authority both at home and abroad which would have added incalculably to its effect. As it is, England has been led unawares into the assumption of liabilities which she never contemplated, and it must remain for years to come a matter of uncertainty how far the responsibilities we have thus undertaken will be recognised by future Parliaments and under other Ministries. To our minds there is only one possible escape from the difficulties in which we have been placed by the tactics of Lord Beaconsfield. Before any decisive vote is taken upon this latest development of the Asian mystery a new Parliament should be summoned to decide forthwith upon the issue whether England is justified by her duty and her interests in assuming the protectorate of Asia. By solemnly protesting against the iniquity of deciding without the formal sanction of the country a question on which the very existence of England may depend the Opposition can best discharge the duty which it owes to the nation.

THE COST OF CYPRUS.

The gain of Cyprus is the one piece of solid pudding acquired by England as her reward for undertaking the Protectorate of Turkey in Asia. It is worth while, therefore, to consider what is the practical value of this latest addition to the Empire of Great Britain. It is true that, theoretically, we have only secured a lease of the island, terminable at any time in the event of the restoration of Kars to Turkey. But, apart from the inherent impossibility of such a contingency, Cyprus, after it has once passed under British rule, can never revert to the dominion of the Porte. To give the island the blessings of order and good government, and then to hand it back to the wretched tyranny under which it has been reduced to its present plight, would be an act of infamy of which England never could be capable. For good or for bad we have taken Cyprus under our protection; and, if we were to do so, we should have acted at once more wisely and more honestly by annexing the island directly than by keeping up the mischievous fiction that it still remains a portion of the Ottoman Empire. For all practical purposes, however, Cyprus henceforth belongs to the same category of British territories as Malta or Gibraltar. From a pecuniary point of view we are not likely to gain by this acquisition. We are bound by the terms of our compact to pay the Porte an annual subvention equal to the average revenue it has hitherto received from Cyprus; and, considering that this revenue, as is the case of all the outlying dependencies of Turkey, was exacted by oppression and extortion of the grossest kind, the immediate result of our administration will probably be to create a deficit. No doubt, in the course of time, the revenues of the island may be expected to augment materially under decent Government and prudent outlay. But, for many years to come, the interest on the capital we shall have to sink in the developement of the resources of Cyprus must far exceed any return we can hope to obtain. A great part, too, of this outlay must consist in works constructed for strategical purposes, and, therefore, necessarily of an unproductive character. As to the military value of Cyprus, it is difficult to express any positive opinion. It seems, however, by all accounts, that the island has no port as yet in which men-of-war can ride safely at anchor, whilst the climate is said to be so unhealthy that it is doubtful how far any large body of troops can be kept there with advantage. Still, we may safely assume that, given a sufficient expenditure, we can improve the harbours and towns of Cyprus to such an extent as is required to render the island available as a naval and military station. If this end is obtained, England will unquestionably have strengthened her position in the Levant, though it is obvious she could have secured greater advantages elsewhere at a far smaller risk and outlay.

In as far, indeed, as the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are concerned, Malta from its position must always be a more valuable stronghold than Cyprus. On the other hand, the possession of the latter island gives us a strong vantage ground in the event of our having to undertake military operations either in Egypt or in Syria. Our fleet, if stationed at Cyprus, would be within four-and-twenty hours of Port Saïd and only six hours from Alexandretta, the most important, strategically speaking, of the ports on the Syrian coast. Thus, with ordinary caution on our part, we should be in a position to intercept any conceivable attack on the Suez Canal by sea or any possible invasion of Egypt across the Syrian desert. At the same time, we could have protected Egypt against attack far more simply and effectively by the occupation of the Isthmus; and no secret is made of the fact that the chief supposed advantage of Cyprus lies in the command of the Euphrates Valley assured to England by its possession. At its nearest point the great Mesopotamian river runs within a hundred miles of the Mediterranean, and, in case Russia should attempt to march an army from Armenia to the Persian Gulf along the Valley of the Euphrates, an exploit which would be attended with no great military difficulty, we should be in a position to dispatch troops from Cyprus, with the view of barring the Russian advance, long before the invaders could by any possibility have reached the neighbourhood of Aleppo. The probability, however, of any such contingency is too remote to make it a matter of much practical importance whether our fleet happens to be stationed a day or two longer or shorter sail from the coast of Syria. The only practical advantage we gain by increased proximity to Alexandretta lies in the facilities our occupation of Cyprus would give us for the defence of the Euphrates Valley, supposing that valley to be made the overland route to India by the construction of the long-talked-of railway. If this route should ever be opened up, the line would of necessity debouch on the Mediterranean nearly opposite to Cyprus; and, on the hypothesis of its construction, it would be an object to England to have men-of-war and troops stationed within easy reach of the European terminus of the route. As, however, there is not the slightest probability of such a line being constructed, except at the instance and by the aid of England, it follows that the establishment of the Euphrates Valley Railway is in all likelihood to be one of the earliest developements of our Asian protectorate. It would be foreign to our purpose to discuss here the arguments for and against the construction of this overland route. It is enough to say that the strategical advantage of the Euphrates line has been denied time after time by high military authorities, and that its unproductiveness as a commercial speculation is acknowledged on all sides. Notwithstanding this there is strong reason to expect that the acquisition of Cyprus is only the first step towards the construction at the cost of England of a colossal system of unremunerative railways running over a semi-barbarious country—a cost, we may add, which cannot be measured by the mere expense of laying down the lines in question.

The positive advantages, therefore, which we are likely to acquire by the possession of Cyprus seem to us of a very problematic character. On the other hand, the negative disadvantages are beyond dispute. We have hitherto sedulously refrained from taking any action with respect to Egypt, in order to secure the cordial co-operation of France. Whether we have been wise or not in so refraining is a moot question. But it is certain that, by seizing upon Cyprus without the sanction or the knowledge of the French Government, we have given even more offence to France than we should have done by the direct occupation of the Isthmus. Henceforward our influence as the military possessors of Cyprus, and as the protectors of Turkey in Europe, must be supreme at Cairo, while the permanent presence of a British force in the immediate vicinity of Syria must prove fatal to

those ideas of ascendancy in the Levant which have so long formed the cherished traditions of French statesmanship. Under the present conditions of France, our policy of aggrandisement will meet with no active opposition on the part of the Republic. But this manifestation of our naval supremacy in the Mediterranean will undoubtededly stir up again the old distrust and jealousy with which England has so long been regarded across the Channel. The occupation of Egypt by this country, however distasteful it might have been to French sentiment, would have been attributed to the necessities of our position as the masters of India. But the acquisition of Cyprus will be interpreted, not altogether without justice, as forming part and parcel of a policy under which Great Britain is eventually to become the possessor not only of India but of Asia Minor and Syria. Nor is it possible that the other States of the Mediterranean seaboard can view without apprehension the overwhelming mastery which England is apparently seeking to acquire in the Levant. Our newspapers and our statesmen may assert with perfect sincerity that England has no wish whatever to increase her Imperial liabilities, but these assertions will meet with no credence on the Continent, and especially in countries such as Italy and Greece, which regard themselves as eventual competitors with England for the commerce of the East. Thus, the practical effect of our becoming masters of Cyprus must be to deprive us, for the time, of the co-operation of France and of the confidence of Italy. What practical benefit we shall derive from the annexation is a question which must be left to time to solve.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

Who is it that has got up all this excitement about Parliamentary Reporting? It is not so long ago that the matter was thought to be a harmless crochet which had a peculiar fascination for Mr. Mitchell Henry, the solitary capitalist attached to the Home Rule contingent. Mr. Henry is an able, highly-cultured, but somewhat eccentric gentleman. Before he took to politics he was one of the most promising of the clever young men who gave themselves up to the study and practice of scientific surgery. When he went into the House he, unfortunately, took to lecturing it as if he were dealing with his admiring class at Middlesex Hospital. The result was that, in spite of the real ability that marked his speeches, he was voted a bore, and the reporters mercilessly "cut him down." Immediately it flashed across Mr. Henry's intelligent mind that the present system of Parliamentary Reporting was a bad one, and such time as he could fairly abstract from an exhaustive clinical study of the political cancers under which Ireland chronically suffers he devoted to the investigation of Parliamentary Reporting in general. He got up all the available facts with conscientious minuteness, and it is but fair to say he delivered some very interesting lectures to the House on the subject. One thing was to him clear, from a profound study of Parliamentary Reporting in all times, climes, and countries, that no system could possibly be satisfactory that did not publish Mr. Mitchell Henry's speeches in full. Thus it came to pass that he came to the conclusion that we must have an official report of proceedings in Parliament—a report which gave every word that was said in debate or discussion. Mr. Henry's eccentric connection with the Home Rulers enabled him, as a rule, to "keep a House," and it was hopeless to try and "count him out" when he lectured on his favourite theme. Thus people submitted to listen to him, and, by dint of "pegging away" in season and out of season, he brought some of the first men in the House—notably, Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone—round to his views.

What, perhaps, gave Mr. Henry's hobby its best start was the discovery that Messrs. Hansard were beginning to grumble at the increasing cost of compiling their reports. After ceaselessly ridiculing Mr. Henry, the Ministry suddenly adopted his view, and accepted his main contention—to wit, that the business of Parliament had so much increased of late that private enterprise was not equal to the task of compiling a fair and minute record of Parliamentary discussions. A vote of 5,000*l.* was granted to aid Messrs. Hansard, and they undertook to compile minuter reports than they had heretofore got up by a process of collation from the daily papers. They appointed a smart young gentleman, who had been a reporter on the staff of *The Times*, to "organise" their work, and his duty is to make arrangements with individual members of reporting corps, who have seats in the gallery, to take verbatim notes for Messrs. Hansard when they are on duty for their own employers—who, we may say, rarely now-a-days want from them more than summaries. One object of this new arrangement was to ensure debates and discussions in committee being minutely reported; and, with reference at least to that part of the work, we can testify that, as regards one important instance that has come under our notice, the new system organised by Messrs. Hansard has worked well. When the Factory Act was under the consideration of the House this session, it was felt that the debates in and out of Committee on the Bill were of such value that a complete record of them should be made. Those reports were all collected in pamphlet form, and copies were on sale at a moderate figure, so that lawyers, Home Office officials, manufacturers, Trade Union leaders, journalists, and others specially interested in the subject might be able to see how the existing Factory Act grew and had its being. To our mind that report is a marvellously complete and minutely accurate record of every word that was spoken in the House about the new Factory Act, and no conceivable system of official reporting could turn out a more faithful reflex of parliamentary proceedings.

How, then, is it that fault is being found with the new arrangement now, and why has a select committee been appointed to investigate the matter? It is difficult to answer this question. In some way or other, it has leaked out that, with their incurable mania for spending money, the Government is prepared to allow as much as 10,000*l.* a year for an "official report," to be got up not by such "scratch teams" as Messrs. Hansard's agent in the gallery can collect together, but by a special corps of short-hand writers attached to the House. No sooner did this get known than the managers of two strong provincial newspapers—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Scotsman*—sent up a cry to this effect:—"If Parliament is willing to spend 10,000*l.* on improving its system of reporting, why not apply the money to remove a real practical grievance—the exclusion of the provincial press from the reporters gallery?" At present the great provincial newspapers are supplied with reports of debates in two ways. The majority of them are utterly devoid of enterprise, and, therefore, make a cheap contract with one of the news agencies for bald summaries of debates, which are "flimsied" all round. They are too mean to pay for anything better, and they have used all their influence to prevent any of their exceptionally enterprising contemporaries from getting access to the gallery, and so publishing complete independent reports. The *Eatanswill Gazette*, for example, is willing to pay for a good independent report, and applies for gallery accommodation for an independent corps; but the *Eatanswill Independent* finds the cheap and nasty system of "flimsied" reports good enough for its purpose; and, lest the pernicious example of the *Gazette* should contaminate some of its rivals, and thereby force it, through stress of competition, to provide its readers with a better but more expensive article, it sets all its Parliamentary influence at work to bully the Serjeant-at-Arms into refusing the *Gazette's* application. What the *Independent* does is what nearly all the provincial Press, with a few exceptions, do; and hence it is that the *Scotsman* and the *Manchester Guardian* stand, practically, alone.

But, for all that, it is clear that the demand of the few country papers, such as the *Scotsman*, that want to be represented in the reporting gallery of the Houses of Parliament is not unreasonable. The business of reporting debates in Parliament is now a monopoly of the London Press; and the metropolitan newspapers, as a rule, with the exception of *The Times*, publish, not reports, but the most meagre and shabby of summaries. Like all monopolists, they abuse their privileges; but they permit their reporters to serve—or wink

at their serving—such country newspapers as choose to order real reports from them; and thus, a paper like the *Scotsman*, by organising "scratch teams" out of the metropolitan corps, is able to turn out a capital report every morning of Parliamentary procedure. This suits the proprietors of the London Press admirably, for it enables them to beat down the salaries of their reporting staff to half-price—men being willing to accept starvation wages from a London newspaper because they know that their *entrée* to the Gallery will enable them to raise their pay to the subsistence level by doing country work. Of course, the Committee will not have these ugly truths brought before them, because everybody concerned is in a conspiracy to conceal them. Only, they throw some light on the corrupt state of the present system of Parliamentary reporting, and on the natural desire of high-class journals like the *Scotsman* to be relieved of the humiliation of getting its work done by secretly bribing the half-paid reporters of its London contemporaries to do it. The present system, in practical working, enables the London papers to make the provincial Press pay half the annual salary of their Parliamentary reporters; and, therefore, there is no weight whatever to be attached to what evidence the proprietors, managers, and reporters of most of the London papers say in favour of it. The evidence taken before the Committee, as far, at least, as it has yet appeared, may be briefly summed up. The representatives of the country papers wanting seats in the gallery condemn everything—official reporting included—that may interfere with the gratification of their ambition. The spokesmen of the news agencies, of course, regard their system as perfect. The chief reporter of *The Times* wonders that any sensible person can complain of a system that allots to the leading journal a lion's share of privileges and conveniences; whilst the advocates of official reporting declare that it is not well to depend on the caprice of one newspaper—*The Times*—for the only account approaching an official one that is available. It is not at all clear what real complaint can be brought against the report now compiled by the Messrs. Hansard, except that, though they have a subsidy from Parliament, they have no independent staff of their own in the Gallery. But, if they and the country papers can manage, as is admitted, to turn out capital reports by organising "scratch teams" out of the different metropolitan corps who have already seats in the Press gallery, of what practical utility is it to demand a change?

We quite agree with the gentlemen who clamour for "free trade in reporting." There can be no doubt that the privilege of holding seats in the gallery ought not to be the monopoly of the London Press. But, after all, as Parliament happens to be in London, and as the London papers circulate more extensively than the two or three provincial ones whose managers are anxious to place representatives in the Press gallery, we must at all hazards let the metropolitan reporters into the gallery in the first instance. Having done that, the question becomes, not one of free trade or monopoly, but one of space merely. If there were room, we should be glad to see every paper represented in the gallery that cared to apply for seats. But there is no room; unless, indeed, the House sacrilegiously appropriates the usually unoccupied Peers' gallery for the use of the Press. Mr. Speaker thinks a few more seats might be available were the summary writers obliged to sit in the second row in the gallery, where the leader writers now sit; and if he would only exclude from that seat all reporters who merely "loaf" there under pretence of "waiting for their turns," a useful reform might be effected, and the summary writer and leader writer might both have some chance of picking up the drift of debates now hopelessly obscured in the din of casual conversation. But the few seats gained by the exclusion of the summary writers would not enable all the Provincial Press to form independent corps in the gallery; so that, as far as reforming the present system of reporting is concerned, we can only in practice, or until we build a new House of Commons, do one of these three things—(1) organise an official reporting staff whenever the present system worked by Messrs. Hansard breaks down; (2) appropriate the summary writers' seats for a combination provincial corps, or (3) let the whole thing alone. By the way, this is the most important question the Committee can put to its witnesses—Why not let the present system alone?

SUBSIDISED SUGAR.

So long as it was confined to stray deputations and one or two Chambers of Commerce, the demand for retaliatory tariffs might safely be treated as an amusing and harmless survival rather than a perilous heresy. But it assumes a somewhat different complexion when countenanced by such an authority as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His example will revive the hopes, and stimulate the retrograde efforts of trades whose prayers for protection have been rewarded less with encouragement than good-humoured surprise. Hence, an additional reason why the public should seriously consider the sugar refiners' grievance, which is one of long standing, very intelligible, and also very plausible. They complain that because of the French system of State bounties for exported sugar they are undersold even in the English market by their French rivals. Speaking for his own constituents, Mr. Samuel Morley alleges that the Bristol refiners are enduring actual distress in consequence of this unfair method of competition. They demand, therefore, either that the French Government shall withdraw this artificial support from the export trade, or that the English Government shall impose upon French imported sugar a duty equivalent to the bounty. But the question arises, is it really a bounty, or only a legitimate drawback? M. Léon Say holds to the latter view, though confessing that, in consequence of the difficulties of accurate valuation, the drawback, or remission of duty, sometimes exceeds the tax which would have been levied had the sugar been consumed in France instead of being exported to England. Thus far, it is clear, the difference in favour of the exporter constitutes a bounty just as much as if the State had paid him the amount in hard cash. Or, as Mr. Samuel Peters, the spokesman of the English delegation to the French Finance Ministry, has expressed it, this differential duty comes to the same thing as State payment of wages to the French refiners. But, on the other hand, M. Léon Say calculates the value of this (as he asserts it) unintentional bounty—*i.e.*, over liberal drawback—at only 2,300,000f., or about a ninth of the English estimate. This difference, again, suggests a very important consideration, which appears to have escaped the attention of Mr. Morley and his friends. If the larger estimate be even approximately correct, there are grounds for supposing that what the English refiners call a competition on equal terms would enable them to hold their own against their foreign rivals. But, if the French Minister's figures be nearer the mark, the chances are that the success of the French has been owing to causes less artificial than State bounties—to natural advantages which England does not possess; in other words, that our rivals would still beat us if the bounties were abolished to-morrow. The position would be analogous to that between the Hindu millowners of Bombay and the English manufacturers of coarse cottons, our trade in which will never be restored even after the abolition of the Indian import duty.

But, even granting that Mr. Léon Say's description of the kind and degree of protection may have fallen far short of the reality, and that the continuance of the system may entail upon our home refiners even greater hardships than they are now enduring in Bristol, consistent free traders must still protest against Mr. Morley's proposal for "a countervailing duty." To begin with, Mr. Morley, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer as well, betray an utterly inadequate, though, no doubt, only temporary, misconception of the nature of Free Trade when they define it as a competition under equal terms. Free Trade must have been postponed until the millenium, if its mother country had declined to practice it before the nations had grown as wise as herself. It is its great glory—and, we may add, singularity—that it presents the sole realisation of the Christian ideal to be met with on this earth. To love one's enemies as one's self, to return good for evil, to turn the other cheek to

the smiter; these are the precepts which the free trader not only preaches but practices in his dealings with his protectionist enemy. And experience proves the worldly wisdom of his patience and meekness. He knows that for his country to follow the evil example would be to share the penalty. The French sugar refiners of course profit by the bounty, but the nation suffers. It taxes itself in order that a manufacturing class may sell sugar to another nation more cheaply than the latter can buy at home. This is bad for the French, but it is their own look out. The point which we have to consider is that, by imposing "a countervailing duty," Messrs. Morley and Peters are about to subject the English nation to the same infliction upon which they commiserate the long-suffering French. The public will have to pay more for its home manufactured sugar, in consequence of the retaliatory duty. In other words, the difference between the old price and the new will constitute a tax for the maintenance of the sugar refiners. It will be a genteel system of outdoor relief—practically, a bounty just as much as the abused drawback of the French is a bounty—a contrivance for preventing the public from buying its sugar in the cheapest market. Judged by this test of public convenience, the proposed "countervailing duty" is not a whit more defensible than the late demand for the protection of the Coventry silk trade, even though in this case there were no foreign bounties to complain of. Both are open to the same objection, and, if Lord Derby seriously admonished the Coventry people, it is not easy to understand why Sir Stafford Northcote lent a favourable ear to the sugar refiners. But, further, the experiment would be attended with a great many evils that are overlooked by people who argue that it is worth trying for the sake of preserving a large industry by which many thousands of our countrymen earn an honest livelihood. The protection would cause a rush into the sugar trade of capital and enterprise that might have been more profitably employed elsewhere. In the next place, you could never stop at that isolated trial. Other industries would clamour for similar privileges; the offended foreigners would "retaliate" upon other articles of commerce, and free trade might possibly undergo a long eclipse. In a word, any benefits that the sugar refiners might derive from the proposed tariff would be neutralised by the disastrous effect which the example of Great Britain would leave upon the foreign mind, which is already too full of "reciprocity" and "retaliation" to require fresh encouragement in that direction.

Forty years ago our own sugar bounties were even more extravagant than the French. In process of time the nation learned to recognise their impolicy, then grew ashamed of them, and finally abandoned them. Are the English the only people capable of progressing in wisdom? May we not expect that the conversion of the French must, sooner or later, solve the sugar difficulty more pleasantly than, and as permanently as, we can with our plan of revenge? No one who watches the course of affairs in France can doubt that free trade principles are making fairly rapid progress in that country. In fact, in the old rivalry between her home-grown sugar and the produce of her colonies, France realised the evils of the bounty system, and the efforts of her statesmen are being honestly directed towards the establishment of an equipoise between drawbacks and duties. But there are temporary difficulties in the way. Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium all have their sugar bounty systems, against which, as well as against those of France, we must raise a protective barrier, if we are to follow the counsels of Mr. Samuel Morley.

THE CRIMINAL CODE.—III.

Now that all hope of passing the Indictable Offences Bill has been abandoned for this Session, and that it has been referred to a Committee, consisting of Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Lush, and Sir James Stephen, there can be little doubt that the form in which it ultimately reaches the House of Commons will be free from any internal inconsistencies or technical flaws. A proposal for amending or consolidating the Criminal Law could be entrusted to no more competent revisers than the greatest living authorities on the common law, on judicial procedure, and on the science of codification. The Lord Chancellor may be congratulated on the wisdom of the course which he has seen fit to adopt. We have said that the Bill is sure to come before the House of Commons in a formally satisfactory condition. But in what state it will emerge from Committee of the whole House it would be rash indeed to conjecture. Unless the advice of John Stuart Mill be followed, and the House delegate its powers to a small and properly qualified section of its members, the consequences to the first specimen of English codification may be better imagined than described. Even if Mr. Parnell does not insist upon the right inherent in every representative of the people to move nonsensical amendments, yet the embodiment in the primary installation of our *corpus juris* of every legal reformer's pet nostrum in his own language might perhaps prove to Sir James Stephen's satisfaction that there could be an authoritative work on jurisprudence less coherent, less philosophical, and less practical than the Institutes of Justinian. But sufficient for the session is the evil thereof, and we may at least rejoice that the Code has temporarily escaped mutilation. Meanwhile, it should be borne in mind that the objects and policy of the law will hardly come within the scope of Lord Blackburn and his colleagues, and that substantial criticism upon the provisions of the Code may be offered with the possibility of usefulness, and with the certainty of avoiding disrespect to those eminent persons.

Part IV. deals with Acts Injurious to the Public Generally, and is therefore necessarily concerned with delicate matters of public policy, such, for instance, as Blasphemous Libels (s. 98), an offence concerning the utility of which we confess to feeling some doubt, for, seeing that any layman may "express in good faith, or attempt to establish by arguments used in good faith, any opinion whatever upon any religious subject," and seeing that "whether any particular publication is or is not a blasphemous libel shall be a question of fact," it results that a jury might be called upon to decide whether such a book as Mr. Butler's 'Fair Haven' was written "in good faith," and that, if they should decide that ironical defence of the Christian religion was not arguing in good faith, the author would be liable to imprisonment. And, indeed, it seems to us that the Code takes an exaggerated view of the capacity of juries. Thus, s. 104 (Obscene Publications) says, "A person is justified in publishing or exhibiting such things as are hereinbefore referred to [*i.e.*, obscene books, prints, &c.], if their publication or exhibition is, *in the opinion of the jury*, for the public good, as being necessary or advantageous to religion or morality, to the administration of justice, the pursuit of science, literature, or art, or other objects of general interest; but the justification ceases if the publication or exhibition be made in such a manner, to such an extent, or under such circumstances, as to exceed what the public good, *in the opinion of the jury*, requires in regard to the particular matter published or exhibited." With the greatest deference to the Lord Chief Justice, who considers that the decision of such questions should be left to the "average intelligence of society," we cannot but think that the Malthusian law of population and the propriety of discussing the use of "preventive checks," are matters on which the uneducated opinion of the average man is worth considerably less than nothing. Little likely as it is that the mind of a judge should be adequately instructed in the principles of medical and economical science, we would much rather see the justification of an obscene publication made a matter of law than left a matter of fact. The same part (s. 105) contains a somewhat strong provision, the effect of which might apparently be the imprisonment with hard labour for two years of a man who had seduced a girl under the age of twenty-one by falsely representing himself as in a position to marry her. Under the head of Common Nuisances, which makes the "suffering an inn to be resorted to by persons of bad character" an offence punishable with imprisonment, we regret to find that Sir James Stephen has retained the obsolete absurdity by which "to omit to repair any public highway or any bridge which the person in default is under a legal obligation to repair" becomes a crime

instead of a tort. Our readers may remember a case which came before the Lord Chief Justice, two years ago, where the county of Surrey prosecuted the county of Middlesex for not having repaired a bridge. There the real question was, on which county the burden of repair should fall; but as the proceedings were criminal in form, and as personal interest on the part of a judge cannot be waived in criminal cases, and as every judge lived in Middlesex except Baron Pollock, who lived in Surrey, the case could not be tried. In fact, the proper place for the Lord Chief Justice on the occasion was not the bench but the dock. Under the same head there is a provision which ought to be totally and unconditionally struck out. Its importance justifies us in quoting it *verbatim*. (s. 114.) A disorderly place is . . . (*b*) a house, room, or other place opened or used for public entertainment, or amusement, or for publicly debating on any subject whatsoever on any part of the Lord's Day, called Sunday (i.) to which persons are admitted by the payment of money, or by tickets sold for money; (ii) at which persons are supplied with tea, coffee, or any other refreshments of eating and drinking on the Lord's Day at any greater price than the common or usual prices at which the like refreshments are commonly sold upon other days at such house, room, or place, or at coffee houses or other houses when the same are usually sold; (*c*) any house, room, or place opened or used for any public entertainment, or amusement, or debate on the Lords' Day, at the expense of any number of subscribers or contributors to the carrying on any such entertainment or amusement or debate on the Lord's Day, and to which persons are admitted by tickets to which the subscribers or contributors are entitled." That this proposition should be seriously laid down in the year 1878 in a country inhabited by Jews and persons of no religious persuasion, not to speak of the many orthodox Christians, such as most Roman Catholics and the late John Keble, who consider public amusements on Sunday legitimate and desirable, almost baffles belief. This is not the place to enter into a full discussion of an offence which may be punished by *two years' hard labour*, and the definition of which is, among other things, clearly in restraint of trade; but we will venture to make a suggestion. The Zoological Gardens are within Subsection *c*. Let them be closed on Sundays, and let us see what effect that may have in cooling the Sabbatarian zeal of the disinterested legislators who spend the greater part of "the Lord's Day, called Sunday," in the retirement of their clubs. Part V. relates to Offences Against the Person. In s. 132 there is an illogical provision which should be amended. "A person commits homicide, although his act is not the immediate cause of death," in certain cases, as, for instance, where the immediate cause of death is the surgical operation rendered necessary by the act of the homicide. But "the person inflicting the injury does not cause the death if the treatment which was its immediate cause was not employed in good faith." A inflicts on B an injury necessarily fatal. To relieve B's sufferings an operation is desirable. The operation is conducted by C with the intent and effect of shortening B's life. If A escapes punishment by reason of C's conduct, A is a fortunate man. The section which nominally changes ordinary cases of infanticide from murder to manslaughter, will probably subject the unfortunate woman to a severer punishment than the six months' imprisonmont now usually inflicted upon her, by removing from the minds of the jury the temptation to find her guilty only of concealment of birth. Penal servitude for life is by s. 144 substituted for death as the punishment for "abetting any person in the commission of suicide." As to "inciting to commit suicide," which is liable to the same punishment, would an English translator of Schopenhauer be constructively guilty of it? Under the head of "Abduction with Intent to Marry" (s. 171), which subjects taking away girls under twenty-one with any interest in property from the custody of their parents or guardians to the extraordinarily severe punishment of fourteen years' penal servitude, there is a new and important provision by which "a woman who having been taken away is married to the offender shall notwithstanding that marriage be competent to be a witness against him." Under the head of Libel, a question which was recently discussed in Henwood v. Childers is thus decided:—"Whether any particular subject is of public interest, and whether the publication of any matter is reasonably necessary for the discussion of it, shall be questions of fact." The old law as to what might be the subject of larceny, with all its irrational exceptions, is replaced by the plain enactment, "Everything whatever which is the property of any person, and which either is or may be made movable, shall henceforth be capable of being stolen as soon as it becomes movable, even if the act by which it is made movable is the act by which the offence of stealing it is committed." The principle that no one is bound to criminate himself is encroached upon by s. 213, which says that "no one shall be entitled to refuse to answer any claim in the nature of a bill of discovery, or to refuse to answer any question or interrogatory in any civil proceeding in any court, or upon the hearing of any matter in bankruptcy, upon the ground that his doing so might tend to show that he had committed any crime or offence of a fraudulent nature." Turning to s. 227, we think it is worthy of consideration whether in the case of a man charged with receiving property unlawfully obtained he should be prejudiced in the eyes of the jury by the admission of evidence, which is now carefully concealed till after conviction, such as that "within five years of the time when the property in respect of which he is being proceeded against was found in the defendant's possession he was convicted of any offence involving fraud or dishonesty." It is very satisfactory to find, on the other hand, that "every one shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall be liable upon conviction thereof to seven years' penal servitude, who corruptly takes any money or reward, directly or indirectly, under pretence or upon account of helping any person to anything whatsoever unlawfully obtained as aforesaid, unless he uses all due diligence to cause the offender to be brought to trial for the same." We may conclude our notice of Part VI., dealing with offences against the Rights of Property, with the expression of a doubt whether the mishievous breach of a contract, such as the act of the Gas Stokers, should be punished with hard labour, and the act of sending an unseaworthy ship to sea, which is morally murder, with simple imprisonment. This is hardly the way to persuade the working men that equal justice is meted out to themselves and their employers.

THE "MYSTERY OF TENDERING" IN THE CITY.

It is not often that thieves fall out; consequently honest men seldom get their own. But if such occasions are few, they are all the more grateful when they arrive. Similarly, there is just cause for rejoicing whenever any member of the Corporation of the City of London is to be found engaged in any other occupation than that of praising himself and his fellow-members as the most perfect specimens of civic virtue that the world has ever seen. When the nauseous stream of self-glorification ceases to flow, however momentarily, there is always a chance of some of the secrets of the Corporation prison-house being revealed. At a late meeting of Common Council a Mr. Waller—to be ignorant of whose antecedents is not, we trust, to argue ourselves unknown—was so far left to himself, according to the *Citizen*, as to throw some light on the "Mystery of Tendering," and the "system of scheduled prices." The General Purposes Committee, it would appear, has been recently investigating certain charges of City tradesmen for work done and materials supplied on behalf of the Corporation. Some idea of the magnitude of the Committee's labours may be gathered from the fact that in former years, when no arduous inquiries of this nature occupied the members' attention, they had to be allowed "refreshments" at the rate of 200*l*. per annum. "Refreshment," however, or none, here we have Mr. Waller roundly declaring that in consequence of having "fearlessly performed his duty"—he is evidently amazed at his own hardihood in making the attempt—a huge organized system of petty municipal larcency stands revealed. Mr. Waller has been able to unfold but a corner of the shroud, which envelopes the mon-

strous and abominable carcase of Corporation contracts. As he had himself some special knowledge of "smiths' work," it struck him that it might not be inadvisable to test certain items in the bills passed by the City Architect by actual inspection of the subject matter of charge. "The setting of a cottage range," said Mr. Waller, "where, it was stated, nine pounds of red lead had been used, had been charged four pence a pound. Now, a man who understood the trade must know that no such amount of lead was required, and that the cost of the lead used was only 2½*d.* per pound, and not 4*d.* Again, for two grates a charge of 30*s.* had been made, whereas the price should have been 8*s.* 6*d.* In connection with the works at Snow-hill where the contractor had charged 14*l.* for the work executed, two months afterwards the same work had to be repaired at a cost of 36*l.* In one bill it was stated that 98 feet of piping had been used, whereas on measurement it was found to be seventy-eight. In another item it was stated that twenty back-nuts had been used, whereas twelve had been used;" and so on. In City tradesmen's accounts "back-nuts" and "piping" seem to grow and multiply, like Falstaff's men in buckram, and, but for the eccentric Waller, without challenge from the Conscript Fathers of the "Mother of Free Cities." Nor is there the slightest reason to believe that the Smiths to the Corporation are swindlers above all other men and tradesmen. The Waller Tower of Siloam happens to have fallen on them, but it might have equally well tumbled on the heads of any of their brethren in other trades. Mr. Waller knows, happily for the public, about "smiths' work," but he is not omniscient. If he were, and felt so disposed, he might unravel such skeins of jobbery and corruption in connection with the "public and trust accounts" of the Corporation of London as would make the inhabitants of New York offer up daily thanksgiving for the Civic virtues of Boss Tweed. The "Boss" and his "Ring" were conscious malefactors, sitting from election to election on the safety valve of public opinion, hardly doubting that, sooner or later, they must inevitably be blown to atoms by some outburst of popular wrath. With the Corporation of London it is altogether different. The members are, practically, self-elected. The jobbery in which they live, move, and have their being is not of their creating. It is inherited corruption, approved by custom, and perpetuated by the legislature because of the City and Parliament the former is the stronger.

Mr. Waller would "make a clean sweep" of the tradesmen who have been serving the Corporation, and as for the City Architect, on whose certificate the bills were passed, he would have him called on to "resign." "These be brave words," but words are not deeds. No doubt tradesmen who charge impossible prices for imaginary "piping" and "back-nuts" deserve "consideration" at the hands of the governor of Newgate, and of no one else. They are worse than pickpockets, inasmuch as they present themselves in the guise of honest men and respectable members of society, whom it is not permitted to suspect. But how is a "clean sweep" to be made of individuals who are the friends and appointees of the Common Councillors? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Some of the tenders received from the tradesmen, Mr. Deputy Fry alleged, were 32½ per cent. below the scheduled price. Is there not here a large margin for the laying down of imaginary "pipe"? Recently the Commissioners of Sewers, said Mr. Bedford, had received tenders for labour and work. One man's tender for labour was 5*s.* 6*d.* a day, whereas two others were for 10*s.* and 11*s.* 3*d.* respectively. Then, again, one man was charging a penny for an article, while the other two contractors were tendering, the first for 1*s.* 3*d.* and the other for 1*s.* 8*d.* Then, again, there was a tender for 5*s.* 6*d.* for another article, and one of the other contractors charged for the same article 18*s.* All these tradesmen were described by members of the Court as being "highly respectable men;" but, if the man was respectable who charged 5*s.* 6*d.*, what was the other who was charging 18*s.*? These are apt illustrations of the "Mystery of Tendering" which is at the bottom of the mischief. It is a system which not merely opens a door to jobbery and fraud, but renders the occurrence of such offences almost inevitable. Mr. Waller would make the City Architect the scapegoat of the disgraceful revelations that have been made, and, doubtless, Mr. Architect is much to blame. He has a salary of 1,500*l.* a year, while his assistants figure for 907*l.* more. The total expenses of his office are 4,500*l.*, and yet he can put no check on the grossest impositions on the Corporation, perpetrated, so to speak, under his very nose. Not long ago he received a douceur of 5,000*l.* for exceptional fidelity in the discharge of his duties, and here we have him numbered with the transgressors! He has promised printed explanations, and it is complained that he is ruining the Corporation by the number of "proofs" that he requires in order to explain his explanation. Such fastidiousness of literary taste may be tolerable in Mr. Tennyson, but it is not expected from Mr. Architect, whom it is somewhat painful to see driven into such a corner. The fact, however, is that Mr. Architect is one of the least objectionable of City magnates. The Corporation is the auditor of its own accounts, and, till some independent official is appointed to check the reckless waste and positive corruption which abound in almost every department of Corporation administration, such tentative reform as Mr. Waller's will avail but little to stem the perennial flood-tide of abuse. It has been affirmed that if the auditor of the London School Board were to be permitted to audit the Corporation accounts he would reduce them by 60,000*l.* per annum; and we believe he could do so without difficulty. Until, however, the area of municipal Government includes the whole metropolis, nothing but palliatives need be looked for.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS FOR JUNE.

The Trade and Navigation Accounts for June have now been published, and from them we are able to judge not only what improvement or otherwise was made last month, as compared with preceding periods, but the progress also which has taken place during the half-year. A mere superficial examination of the figures is calculated to inspire anything but a feeling of satisfaction, for we observe that in both the imports and the exports a more or less marked decline is recorded for the month, and for the six months. Yet, when we come to look more closely into the facts presented to us, the disappointment attending a first glance becomes considerably modified, and the criticism they have aroused loses much of its dismal weight. For months past business throughout the country has suffered severely from the chronic state of political disquietude into which Europe was thrown by the Eastern difficulties; and in the stagnant condition of every branch of our national enterprise we have seen reflected the extreme apprehension which has prevailed respecting the future course of events. Of late the prospect has been assuming a brighter aspect, and some faint signs have consequently been afforded that with a revival of confidence there has gone a revival of trade activity. So faint, however, are the indications of the latter that, in order to catch even a slight glimpse of them, the exercise of a more than ordinary keen scrutiny is requisite. That they should have shown themselves at all so soon after people's minds were freed from the fears of an impending war is a sufficient proof that the national energy, which has practically lain dormant for the last year or two, will manifest itself shortly with redoubled vigour; and the figures we propose to briefly examine go some way to support a belief that the turning-point in the commercial and industrial depression of the country has been reached. Making, then, a comparison of the imports and exports with the previous year, we find the facts stand as follow:—

IMPORTS.

	June.	Six Months.
1878.	£28,661,103	£189,647,854
1877.	29,810,370	195,448,403
Decrease	£1,149,267	£5,800,549
	3·8 per cent.	2·9 per cent.

EXPORTS.

	June.	Six Months.
1878.	£15,091,638	£94,660,400
1877.	15,305,659	95,234,130
Decrease	£214,021	£573,730
	1·4 per cent.	0·6 per cent.

Turning, firstly, to the imports, these show a decline of

1,149,267*l.*, or 3·8 per cent. for the month. As, however, the June of this year contained one working day less than that of last, the allowance to be made for the falling off would probably so far reduce the amount of the apparent decline as to make the position a comparatively stationary one. On the other hand, it is interesting to notice that nearly the whole of the diminution is accounted for by the reduction in the imports of wheat and flax, as under:—

IMPORTS.

	1878.		1877.		Decrease.
Wheat	£2,611,833	...	£3,330,986	...	£ 719,153
Flax	483,597	...	800,608	...	317,011
Total	£3,095,430	...	£4,131,594	...	£1,036,164

In both these instances the decline is attributable to exceptional circumstances. In June last year, for instance, owing to the necessity Russia was under, in consequence of the war, to export as quickly as possible the most available of her produce, the receipts at our ports of the two above-mentioned items rose:—Wheat, from 173,013*l.* in June, 1876, to 1,028,390*l.* in June, 1877; and flax, from 328,958*l.* to 673,794*l.* in the corresponding periods. Furthermore, the decline in the total values in these instances, as in others, is in no small measure due to the fall in prices which has taken place since last year, the reduction being in wheat 21·5 per cent. in the value, and 6·3 per cent. in the quantity; and in flax 39·5 per cent. in the value, and 36·4 per cent. in the quantity. Looking in other directions for a similar condition of things, it appears that, while the imports of raw sugar have fallen 26·7 per cent. in value, the quantity has only fallen 4·6 per cent. Silk, again, which has declined 27·7 per cent. in value, has only declined 13·8 per cent. in quantity, wool having also undergone a reduction of 12·3 per cent. in value compared with a diminution of 1·9 per cent. in the quantity. On the favourable side we note a good increase in food stuffs, the imports of oxen and bulls having augmented 89·1 per cent. in value, and 79·1 per cent. in quantity, sheep and lambs 12·2 per cent. in value, and 14·5 in quantity, bacon 8·4 per cent. in value, and 12·6 in quantity, and butter 26·2 per cent. in value, and 27·5 in quantity. Potatoes, rice, Indian corn, and barley show a similar important increase in quantity, with a less than equivalent increase in value; but tea and coffee exhibit a falling off respectively of 16·2 per cent. in the value, and 15·4 per cent. in the quantity, and 17·6 per cent. in the value, and 17·2 in the quantity.

With respect to the exports, these also show a decline for the month of 214,021*l.*, or 1·4 per cent., and for the six months 573,730*l.*, or 0·6 per cent. Thus, rather more than one-third of the total decline for the whole of the half-year is traceable to our diminished export business in June. This, however, is a very much less unfavourable position than we have been accustomed to since 1874, as may be seen from the following figures:—

DECREASE PER CENT. IN EXPORTS.

	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.
June	0·5	5·4	13·6	3·4	1·4
Six months	6·3	6·8	9·7	5·0	0·6

It will be seen that the decline has of late been assuming smaller proportions, and, although, on the other hand, the percentage of reduction is now calculated on a smaller aggregate than formerly, much is yet left to the good. Nevertheless, unlike the decline noticeable in the imports, the falling off in the exports is chiefly noticeable in the quantities and not in the values. Low prices, therefore, do not account to such an extent for the diminution in our export business. The only three important instances, indeed, in which the contrary holds good are in iron and steel, coal and coke, and wool, the reduction in the value of our exports of which is greater than the reduction in the quantity. Woollen and worsted manufactures, silk, machinery, and cotton yarn and twist, show satisfactory increases both in value and quantity.

As a considerable amount of attention has recently been attracted by the bullion movements, it is interesting to observe that a month which was characterised by an unusual degree of apprehension, aroused by the alleged drain upon our store of gold, passed away without the reserve being seriously trenched upon, and that, on a balance of imports and exports, the withdrawal did not amount to more than 733,981*l.* The exports of silver, on the other hand, exhibit a decline of 1,191,690*l.*, over one million of which is accounted for by our diminished remittances of the metal to India.

CYPRUS IN THE PAST.

Though it is held ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth, ordinary Englishmen may be excused for being somewhat inquisitive about the white elephant that Lord Beaconsfield has just bought for them. The Government's acquisition of Cyprus, not as an actual possession, but in order that it may be occupied and administered with a view to the protection of Asiatic Turkey from Russian aggression, is certainly an exploit worthy of our Premier's erratic genius, and one that the country will, perhaps, regard with more alarm than it feels at present when it has a better understanding of the responsibilities thus laid upon it. These contingencies it is not here our purpose to discuss. Apart from the gravest political problems involved, there is matter enough for consideration in the minor issues raised by Lord Beaconsfield's *coup de théâtre*, as the foreigners very properly call it.

For one thing, it is clear that if Cyprus is to be for us more than a mere military station, if we are to do anything towards developing the resources of the island and improving the condition of its inhabitants, some difficult work lies before us. The once-favoured land in which, according to Strabo, Mount Olympus stood has been the sport of a good many rival gods and goddesses during the two or three thousand years that have elapsed since Zeus was omnipotent. Earlier still, indeed, a yet more powerful deity, the Assyrian Ashtaroth, was worshipped in Cyprus, to be renovated as Astarte when the era of Greek influence began, and to be revereneed still, if travellers' reports be true, in some of the rites performed in the name of the Virgin Mary. But all the vices of Cyprian society, alike in many ways, however different the races composing it, were not due to its goddesses, or even to the potent influences of the climate and scenery. The natural advantages of Cyprus were themselves, it would seem, the chief sources of its degradation. The island which has given the very names of copper *(aes Cyprium)* and cypress to the world, which the merchants of Tyre ransacked in order to provide the choice metals and the choice woods required for building the Temple of Solomon, and which Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans in turn fought for and ruled, was not in the way of attaining any lasting or noble sort of civilisation. If it was coveted, not only on account of its richness of soil and physical attractions, but also because of its great importance as a naval station, its frequent changes of ownership fitted it all the more to be a haunt of pirates who, whatever the dominant nation, were, probably, always pretty much the same. What it was eight or nine centuries before the Christian era, when it enjoyed the mythical dominion of the sea, it was seven or eight centuries after the Christian era, when the Arabs, successors of the Greco-Egyptian Ptolemies and the Byzantine Emperors were its masters. Alternately held by Christian and Mahometan tyrants, it enjoyed, when the former were in power, all the spiritual advantages that could result from no fewer than thirteen bishoprics being established in the island; indeed, the account of its condition given by Sir Henry Taylor in his *Isaac Comnenus* is somewhat too flattering. It was from the hero of that tragedy that, in 1191, Richard Cœur de Lion took the island, assigning it to Guy de Lusignan, whose dynasty ruled it for nearly three hundred years on the principles of the feudal system and by the help of other institutions borrowed from Western Europe. Before the three hundred years were over, however, Italian traders and Italian pirates saw its value to them, and began to make it their haunt. The Genoese were for some time in possession of Famagosta, its chief town in those days, which had been built near the ruins of the ancient Salamis; and the weak successors of Guy were glad of Italian help in withstanding the attacks of the Turks. The last of the line married a Venetian lady, whose daughter, in 1487, soon after inheriting the nominal sovereignty, abdicated, in order that the island might become a Venetian colony. Venice, however, could barely hold it during eighty years, and it finally became a Turkish

possession in 1571. The fierce struggles between Turks and Venetians for its possession were the talk of Europe when Shakspeare was a boy, and he remembered them when he told how Othello, sent by the Venetian nobles, was

> Embarked,
> With such loud reason, for the Cyprus wars
> (Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
> Another of their fashion have they not
> To lead their business.

The capture of Cyprus by the Turks was the final change in its ownership until last Monday, when it was formally taken possession of in the name of England; and England, if it does its duty by the island, will have a good deal to do in repairing the evils of Turkish misrule. Bad as its state was before, it has deteriorated during the past three centuries as much as every other district that the Ottomans have had to administer. Whereas in the times of the Venetians its population was reckoned at 1,000,000, it is now hardly more than 100,000. Of that number about two-thirds are called Greeks, and the remainder Turks; though the terms mean little more than that the latter are Mahometans, and enjoy such favour as the State is disposed to bestow on them, and that the former, adopting the Christian religion after a fashion, are looked upon as aliens, fit only to be oppressed and mulcted of all that can be squeezed out of their scanty earnings. The revenue collected is at the yearly rate of nearly two pounds a head on the whole population, and almost as great as the entire value of the island's exports and imports added together. When it is added that of every guinea raised by taxation only about eighteenpence has lately been spent in administering the affairs of the district and that the balance, thirteen-fourteenths of the whole, goes to Constantinople, it will be seen in what a miserable condition the people must be. As England, by Lord Salisbury's Convention with the Porte, is to spend what it thinks necessary of the revenues, only accounting for whatever balance is over, there ought to be no difficulty in its keeping well within the mark, and having a handsome balance to the good—provided only that it is willing to adopt the same processes of cruel extortion as the Porte has sanctioned. Unless that balance, however, can be used in relief of the heavy charges we are certain to incur in strengthening the material defences of the island, as well as in keeping up sufficient naval and military forces to meet the objects for which the transfer has been made, it would only be proper to hypothecate it for the benefit of the luckless multitudes who have been foolish enough to invest in Turkish securities. If this plan of disposing of the Cyprus surplus has not already occurred to the Government, we commend it to its attention as one just in itself, and well calculated to enhance its popularity.

Immense, slow-working, and costly reforms will be needed to secure the regeneration of Cyprus; and there cannot be much doubt that, if the Government is wise both in its own action and in the choice of the agents whom it sends out, it can make excellent use of its acquisition, and render not to the island alone but also to the neighbouring mainland, services that will be not less profitable than philanthropic, not less advantageous to the unhappy subjects of the Porte than conducive to the immediate purposes it has in view. Of course, a great deal will have to be done in repairing the ruin, material as well as moral, in which Cyprus now is. Its position in the extreme east of the Mediterranean within sixty miles, at the nearest points, both of Asia Minor on the north, and of Syria on the east, thus holding the key to the Gulf of Scanderoon and the whole Euphrates valley, is one of utmost strategic value. Its physical conformation is such that it can never become another Malta, but its present desolate condition may be vastly improved upon. Famagosta, on the east, the strongest fortress and the most prosperous town under the Venetians, able to maintain nearly a year's heroic defence against the Turks in 1571, has now dwindled down into the wreck of a city, with only a few hundred inhabitants, and nothing but a few crumbling ramparts built on the sandy coast. It needs an artificial harbour corresponding in these days of engineering science with those built for it in former times, and, earlier still, for Salamis. Larnaca, on the south-east, and Limasol, on the south, the only flourishing towns in the island, are at present little better than rock-heads, but much could be done for them. Tzerinia, the best port on the northern coast, will never be a really good harbour, but it might be much better than it is. So much for mechanical reforms. The political and social changes that a good English administration might bring about are yet more important. The so-called Turkish minority may be hopelessly depraved—a mass of insolent paupers, leprous in mind as well as in body; but good government might keep them from causing much mischief, even if it could not turn them into good citizens. The so-called Greek minority may be corrupted by long centuries of oppression, and may show more of their ancestral and hereditary vices than even the Greeks of Europe; but they can, at any rate, be restrained and forced into some semblance of honesty. If, moreover, great changes are made possible among the present inhabitants, the island, comprising as it does an area of more than a thousand square leagues, will have room for at least a dozen times as many new comers, who could find immense advantage in extracting its still abundant mineral treasures, in cutting the valuable trees that block one another's growth in its huge forests, and in cultivating the trades in grain, wine, oil, flax, cotton, wool snd silk for which it is admirably adapted, but which are now almost entirely neglected. Considerable outlay would be needed before much result could be looked for; and a system for the administration of justice, as well as other reforms would have to be introduced; but, under good management, the cost would soon be amply repaid by the increased revenue consequent on the change. In this way, indeed, not only might the reformation of Cyprus be effected, but the seeds of a new civilisation might also be sown in the fertile, but weed-choked soil of the mainland.

HUSBAND-HUNTING AND MATCH-MAKING.

People think women who do not want to marry unfeminine: people think women who do want to marry immodest: people combine both opinions by regarding it as unfeminine for women not to look forward longingly to wifehood as the hope and purpose of their lives, and ridiculing or contemning any individual women of their acquaintance whom they may suspect of entertaining such a longing. This is hard upon marriageable women. Their time is short, in many cases their opportunities are few, and meanwhile they are hampered with difficulties more numerous and more contradictory than were the old man's with the ass when he tried to take everybody's advice. They must wish and not wish; they must by no means give, they must certainly not withhold, encouragement; they must not let a gentleman who is paying attention think them waiting for his offer, they must not let him think they would admit the careless homages of a flirtation and are not waiting for his offer; they must not be frank, they must not be coy; they must not laugh and talk indifferently with all comers, they must not show preferences—so it goes on, each precept cancelling another, and most of them negative. How are the girls to get themselves married and escape censure in the process? And if, whether by fault or only worse luck than her neighbours, a mistaken damsel brings herself under a ban of more than momentary censure, gets "talked about," as the phrase is, henceforth there is small hope of her ever accomplishing her destiny at all. If she be attractive it will be her vocation to be flirted with. She may, as she acquires experience in pleasing, make half a dozen men jealous of each other, she may, more or less unwittingly, hinder half a dozen other girls of their husband in view, but the first column of *The Times* is pathetic literature for her for it is her fate to see there her admirers' weddings.

Nor is the case of the parents of marriageable daughters less perplexing than that of the daughters themselves. They know how to do their worldly duty by their sons. They establish them in fit professions giving them scope for the employment of such talents as they may possess, a definite place in the world, opportunities for achieving distinction or wealth or may be both. They have not a moment's apprehension lest they should be degrading the youths or themselves by

taking all possible pains to place them in the posts for which they have had them educated and they would think themselves wanting towards them in the highest degree of blameworthiness if they left them in such a matter to chance and their own resources. But as for their girls, for whom marriage is everything, they cannot with a free mind set themselves to arranging them a future at all. On the one hand they see that if they die leaving them husbandless they will have left them in an abnormal, masterless, position for which nothing in their previous education has prepared them, and with, in perhaps the majority of instances, insufficient or no income to live on and no especial talent which can be turned to profit. On the other hand, for us in England where the matrimonial partnership has not yet become a sober bit of business to be negotiated for the young people by their more experienced and reflecting seniors, any intervention possible to parents anxious to see their daughters provided with homes and happiness is of an indirect and furtive kind, and is stigmatized accordingly—nor stigmatized only. So the match-making mother is universally felt to be a thing for scorn and laughter, her prudence and her policy are classed with the lowest greeds and cunnings which make human nature pitiable mirth for human beings; she is in her own eyes a sensible guardian doing her duty with a just regard for the future, but in every one else's eyes, including those of all the other match-making mothers, she is a vulgar schemer making merchandize of her daughters. As to the match-making father, for him there is added to all the obloquy that falls on the match-making mother the contempt and disgust with which all regard womanly vices in a man. And, if parents, rashly hoping not to be contemned or not to be found out, will occupy themselves in their daughters' affairs and try to promote their marriage, they expose the young women to the ridicule and disrespect of all the men of their acquaintance and to the indignation of all the women; no matter how guiltless they may be of share in the arrangements for their being eligibly fallen in love with, their complicity will be taken for granted—they will be "husband-hunters," "man-traps."

While young women know, and their parents know for them, that marriage is not merely the happiest and fittest condition to which they can look forward, but the only happy and fit condition—the only escape from dependence on charity or on their own incompetences, from loss of social position, and from all the hardships and hazards of an unskilled gentlewoman's precarious existence—it certainly does seem unreasonable that neither the young women nor their parents are able to take active measures to prevent the catastrophe of final spinsterhood. But the instinct which is at the bottom of the prohibition is one too sound to be gainsaid. Marriage should mean love, and love has its own laws and cannot be transacted according to the principles of demand and supply nor through the medium of parents or any other accredited agents. That a young woman will have no place in the world unless a husband gives her a home and a purpose for her life is, no doubt, a strong temptation to marriage, but it is not a reason for it. There is only one allowable reason and that is love for the man she marries. And, whether it be so by nature or only by the training of generations, women, unless most exceptionally, do not love unsought. They may, of course, be deceived as to the seeking, or as to the extent and earnestness of the seeking, but that is another matter. Their choice of whom to love is among those who have chosen them or who they fancy have chosen them, and it may be that a girl finds no one present himself whom she can regard with the highest affection, or even it may be that no one presents himself at all. But she will have sinned against her womanhood if for any reason, even if because she thinks marriage the crown and highest duty of womanhood, she gives herself to a husband whose love she does not wholly return—still more if, not having a suitor at disposal, she counts her chances and selects a man to lead with her to matrimony. But, if this be so, she must leave her getting married or not to chance, and so must her parents for her. No judicious foresight of anybody's will bring the exactly right somebody to fall in love with her and be loved in return, and that under appropriate circumstances. If he is to come, destiny and chance will provide his arrival; if not, then that all the welfare of her future should depend on her marrying is her grave misfortune, but, without the worse misfortune of moral degradation, she cannot marry at all. Thus it follows from our English theory of marriage for love; and nothing in the results of the continental system of marriage brought about by parents and guardians, according to their judgment of expediency and reciprocal advantages in the union, can incline us to exchange our somewhat incongruous sentimentalism for so venturous a prudence.

Not all girls, however, have so strong a self respect and so high a courage as to look forward patiently to the contemned position of the poverty-stricken old maid rather than to marry for the sake of marriage. And not all girls who are prepared to marry for the sake of marriage and think any suitor the man of their heart have still so much self respect as to quietly run their risk of getting no offer, or none available, rather than make choice themselves for matrimonial purposes of some likely male acquaintance to train into winning their hearts and hands. And not all parents can resign themselves to seeing other people's dowerless daughters getting comfortably settled and their own left unprovided for, and can believe that their daughters have a better chance of real happiness unprovided for than married on the hook and crook plan. And so there come to be husband-hunting damsels and match-making parents—usually mothers, for fathers have rarely time to give to such matters, and are scarcely equal to the tactics.

Concerning these persons, the husband-hunting daughters and the match-making mothers, it may be remarked that their efforts oftenest fail from two contrary and idiosyncratic causes, the mothers erring by too palpable a concentration of their attentions on the one chosen son-in-law to be and by an oversight of any other possibilities, the daughters by desultoriness and a propensity to regard too many men at once as encourageable into serious suitors. A wise old lady, skilled in these matters, used to warn her young disciples of this:—"the mistake girls make," she would say "is paying attention to two or three men at a time; they lose the chance by wanting more chances than one. My dear, *mark your bird.*" But husband-hunting girls are a foolish race of sportswomen and apt to waste powder and shot indiscriminately.

SCHOOL "MILLS."

We can recall too many schools in our earlier experiences, at which it was the custom for bigger boys on rainy or idle days to pair off their smaller schoolfellows, as gladiators to fight for public recreation. There need not have been any personal animosity between the combatants; they had no voice in the matter, and no object beyond that of taking care of themselves; they knew pretty well that they stood between two fires, and that it was, on the whole, cheaper to take a black eye or two, and to put up with sore faces for a day or two at most, than to be thrashed wholesale for shirking and spoiling the show. Against school fights of this description, parents of susceptible feelings might reasonably exclaim; but, in these modern days, when almost every public school possesses the principles of self-government, through the medium of prefects, monitors, and their equivalents, gratuitous bullying of this sort is pretty well extinguished; and a school fight, if it now occurs in a well-regulated school, is always a legitimate and spontaneous affair of honour. We do not in the least mean to say that spontaneous fights were not common enough in the dark ages of school life; only that, where the fun of the fair flagged for want of a legitimate quarrel, a gladiatorial show was too often introduced, to amuse the elder boys at the expense of juniors. The latter abuse is now nearly, perhaps entirely, at an end; it has died out, just as professional prize-fighting has faded in England.

But the legitimate and spontaneous "mill" still flourishes, with little or no interference by the authorities. Two boys come to angry words, a blow follows, and if the recipient retaliates, instead of submitting to a summary "licking" as a token of inferiority, a skirmish at once commences, and a ring is called for by partisans or by the combatants themselves. If time

is short and there is no immediate opportunity for adjournment to some quiet spot where the affair of honour may be settled without molestation, hostilities are at once suspended until the battle can be fought out at a time and place to be named. Sooner or later the ring is formed, and the combat carried out with orthodox observance of the rules of the "P.R." "Time" is kept between the rounds; seconds ply sponges, and foul hitting is scrupulously and censoriously tabooed by common consent of combatants and audience alike. The fight proceeds until one of the principals is compelled to give in, or until his second "throws up the sponge" on his behalf. If a master should come upon the scene, the fight is, of course, stopped; but, at most public schools the authorities are careful to keep as far out of sight and hearing as they can, if they suspect that a "mill" is going on; and, if they unavoidably come across one, they are content to see a cessation of hostilities, and to ask no further questions. "Very brutal on the part of boys, and most improper on that of the masters," some mother will exclaim, whose cherished first-born has just been launched into school life. The bare idea of the hope of the family parading a pair of blackened eyes and a swollen nose is enough to make a woman shudder in sympathetic horror at such ruffianism. If all angry feelings between boys who disagree in word or deed could be banished by magic, or could be compulsorily settled by an instantaneous shake of the hands, we should condemn the practice of of even spontaneous school fights as strongly as we do that of the old-fashioned gladiatorial shows. But the very least reflection will show that the frailties of human nature, even in such innocents as school boys, are such that rancour and malice will be harboured long after the commission of the specific offence which roused angry feeling, unless some outlet can be found as a sort of safety valve for unchristian emotions. The doctrines of Christianity may be preached daily to boys, but, as with men, the practice of them unfortunately falls far short of the theory. If boys are once allowed to "fight it out," the steam of anger is soon blown off, and within a few hours, or even minutes, they shake hands and become better friends than before, with a mutual respect for each other that was not previously entertained.

We do not say that every angry word, or even sudden blow, need of necessity lead to battle royal; few boys are so pugnacious as this. But, if angry feelings are once thoroughly roused, they are not internally soothed by a mere prohibition from acts of deliberate violence. If *espionage* is employed to prevent any recource to fisticuffs, the bad blood still festers, and oozes out in divers manners when occasion offers. The foes mutually spite each other, administer a sly and deliberate kick in a football scrummage, or stick pins in forms on which the object of detestation shall unwarily sit, or trip him up in the dark, and so wreak their vengeance. At girls' schools, where fighting is out of the question, petty spite of this description is wreaked in a manner which would disgust a public schoolboy, whose instincts are to fight off-hand, and so to make up all differences. But, if matters have once been settled by battle in the open, not only is temptation to sneaking revenge of this sort removed, but also public feeling on the part of the other boys refuses to tolerate such exhibitions of spite. Masters are aware of this, and also know that the same public feeling compels combatants to fight fairly, and in a way in which no serious physical injury can be reasonably sustained. The very fact of fists being looked upon as the only orthodox weapons, renders the use of sticks or missiles inadmissible. The angry boy who would pick up a brickbat, or rush at his adversary armed with a cricket stump, would at once be checked and punished by his companions of his own age. The knowledge of this engenders its due spirit among all new comers, and quarrels, when they do occur, are at once reduced to a formal settlement with nature's weapons, under recognised rules of fair play. It is because masters realise from experience that the most they can do is to stop open and fair fighting, and that they cannot extinguish by force all feelings of petty spite, that they, as a rule, wink at the conduct of fairly-fought school "mills" as a necessary evil which, on the whole, is productive of good, inasmuch as it prevents the development of even worse ills.

A case is reported this week in our daily contemporaries which some of our readers will perhaps at first sight be disposed to regard as a practical proof of the danger of the indirect toleration of school fighting such as we have just sketched. Last week two boys fell out in the playground of the Manchester Collegiate School; they adjourned to a quiet corner and fought it out; one of the boys received a good deal of what is called "punishment" in the language of the P. R., and his face shewed marks of the effect of his adversary's fists. Two days later this boy became ill, and at the end of a week expired from congestion of the brain. A more melancholy episode in school life it would be difficult to conceive; and yet, we would point out that, whatever may be the apparent inferences to the minds of those who condemn unconditionally the use of a boy's fists, no one who at all knows what a school fight is, will really believe that this unfortunate boy was actually and directly killed by the hand of his schoolfellow. Any medical man will bear us out when we say that, apart from the comparative weakness of a blow from a schoolboy, no amount of hammering in the face from a boy's fist will really affect the brain by immediate violence. Details of the inquest on the unfortunate boy have not reached us at the time of writing; but we would hazard the opinion that it will be found that his life was lost because he was of weak constitution at the outset. Violent exercise and excitement may prove fatal to any person of weak heart or debilitated temperament; that exercise may take the form of a fight or of a game; but, whichever it takes, the ordinary damage to the person which such a fight or game may occasion will not affect the health of itself, though the exertion and excitement attending it may have a much more serious effect. We have little doubt that it will appear that the unfortunate lad—if the fight was in any way connected with his death—died from the effects of over-exertion and excitement, which two causes might have been produced quite as much by a game as by a quarrel. Should the latter have been the cause, that will not show that quarrels of this sort are in themselves more dangerous to healthy boys than many of the athletic pursuits which parents are proud that their sons should share, even with a certain amount of personal risk. To suppose that any healthy boy could become seriously injured by a fair school fight with a companion, is absurd, and contrary to the experience of every public school man. It is to be deeply regretted that a boy whose health rendered him unfit for violent exertion of any sort should have been allowed, in a moment of passion, to indulge in anything so exhausting and exciting as a well-contested passage of arms. The same might be said if a boy suffering from a weak heart were tempted to indulge in a severe footrace or boatrace. Moralists will further say that it is lamentable that, in any case, a boy unfit for violent exercise should have been tempted to select the most unchristian form of violent exertion that could be found—a passage of arms, in heat of anger, with a schoolfellow.

In the face of this melancholy occurrence, we still maintain that it is practically impossible for authorities to seek to extinguish by *espionage*, the use of fists at schools, without inducing petty displays of malice and long cherished ill-will, which would vanish in a few hours if boys were left alone to settle their own differences. All that can be done is to endeavour to raise the tone of a school, and to inculcate courtesy and self-government, so as to reduce quarrels to a minimum; and, at the same time to trust to that spirit of fair play which is to be found in all English schools, to prevent any unfair blow being struck or advantage being taken, if once anger should so far get the better of two boys that they are unable to settle their quarrel without first trying conclusions as to which is the better man at the art of self-defence. If fighting is to be put down, it must be by eradicating its motives—anger, and ill-will—and not by screwing down the prompt safty-valve of evil passions. When we compare the tone of an English school with that of a French Lycée, we may console ourselves that, even with such *contretemps* as this, our English boys go forth into the world purer in mind and healthier in body than they would be if subjected to the Continental system of *espionage* in the play ground as well as in the school room.

LITERATURE.

TACITUS AND BRACCIOLINI.

Tacitus and Bracciolini: the Annals Forged in the Fifteenth Century. London: Diprose and Bateman. 1878.

It is, no doubt, very well that things should be from time to time looked into, and that the rust of traditional belief should not be allowed to gather so thickly round our intellectual possessions as to render it impossible for them to be moved from their places. It is a very useful thing to be reminded of the insecurity of our tenure of what we most cherish, and to welcome the grinning skull of criticism even to our choicest intellectual banquet. The writer of the book before us deserves praise for the ingenuity with which he has sought materials to administer to the confident Latinists a gentle shock. His book is meritorious for its moral aim of not allowing anything to become too certain; but we find it difficult to believe that it can have been seriously written. The first step taken by the writer prepares us for the paradoxes that are to follow; he does not put his name on the title-page, but tells us his brother's name in the dedication, and so gives our ingenuity a preliminary canter in the work of inference and guessing.

It is a serious matter to undertake to prove that the 'Annals of Tacitus' were forged in the fifteenth century. No doubt, they, in common with the majority of classical writings, were at that time drawn from the neglect and obscurity in which they had been allowed to lie during the Middle Ages. We know that the last six books of the 'Annals' were first published at Spires, in the year 1469, and that the MS. of the first six books was discovered in the Abbey of Corvey in the year 1513. The MSS. are in a very bad and mutilated state, and have suffered much from illiterate transcribers; different opinions have been maintained by experts as to the exact age of the oldest MSS. of the 'Annals,' and the text has required much correcting and editing at the hands of the scholars of succeeding ages. But these are not, in themselves, circumstances so unusual or suspicious as necessarily to create doubt in the critic. We look in vain in the book before us for any account of the process by which the doubts about the authenticity of the 'Annals of Tacitus' grew up in the writer's mind. We expected, at least, to find that the writer had been deeply studying Roman history, and had found a multitude of discrepancies between the 'Annals' and inscriptions or coins recently discovered, or had found the picture given by Tacitus of Tiberius so hopelessly at variance with that of other authorities, and showing such a want of intelligence of the real social and political life of Rome, as to be entirely unworthy of credence. But we find none of these things. We do not see what first set the author to suspect the 'Annals,' or what overpowering necessity of internal conviction led him to publish his conclusions. On the other hand, he seems to us to be holding a brief against an accused culprit; we are requested to begin with an assumption that the 'Annals' are a forgery, and evidence to this end is brought forward with much ingenuity from every side.

This method of approaching the question is neither fair nor admissible. The weight of tradition, the belief of centuries, the acquiescence of a vast multitude of competent judges, all these make us demand that we should have a fair show of reason before we entertain suspicions at all. The present writer brings into court an old friend whom we have long known and valued, and asks us to treat him as though he were a suspicious character who had been detected by an energetic policeman transgressing without any reason on our premises. Of course, if we allow our friend to be treated in this way, a case, even a strong case, may be made out against him. If an honest and respectable member of society is taken unawares, and called upon to establish his identity, he may often find it more difficult than he expected. The present attack upon the 'Annals of Tacitus' reminds us of an acutely bungling attempt of an over-zealous policeman in France or Italy who has triumphantly captured a respectable English father of a family as a dangerous conspirator, and brings forward proofs with an amazing cleverness which would have convicted a whole gang of schemers, if only there had been any schemers to convict.

Moreover, the writer of this book has made his task doubly arduous, though he has diminished the need of cumulative proof to either part of his theory, by undertaking to show not only that the 'Annals' of Tacitus were forged, but that Poggio was the forger. For this purpose he first brings forward a few historical objections against the Tacitean authorship of the 'Annals;' then comments on the differences noticeable between the 'Annals' on the one hand and the 'Histories,' 'Agricola' and 'Germania,' which he admits to be genuine, on the other; next he adduces a few insignificant points in which the 'Annals' seem to contradict other sources of information. These all taken together afford only a scanty ground for scepticism, but are followed by the constructive part of the author's theory, which is an historical proof of Poggio's forgery. It would seem that reliance is chiefly placed upon the cogency of this last point, and the author certainly seems to be a keener critic of Poggio's letters and of the literary history of the Italian Renaissance than he is of the works of Tacitus and the history of the early Empire at Rome. It is impossible to follow him through all the steps of his elaborate argument, but we must say at once that it would be possible for any one who held a brief for Tacitus to take each of the arguments separately and show that it does not come to much. We cannot do more than indicate a few of the writer's positions in which his judgment seems to be warped.

First of all, great weight is attached to the absence of quotations from the 'Annals' by other writers. Some passages, in which the 'Annals' and Sulpicius Severus are identical, had always been assumed to have been borrowed by Severus from Tacitus: they are now dismissed as being obvious plagiarisms of a forger who shows his hand "by substituting for 'cum,' which strictly means 'when,' 'ubi,' which strictly signifies 'where.'" A very slight consideration would have shown that this incorrectness was common in Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, and all the best Latin authors. A passage of St. Jerome, who says, "Cornelius Tacitus post Augustum usque ad mortem Domitiani vitas Cæsarum triginta voluminibus exaravit," is in the text referred only to the 'Histories,' which certainly begin a long way after Augustus, but in a note is impugned as a forgery on account of the word "exaravit" being too metaphorical for St. Jerome. Surely the writer must have forgers on the brain, and credits the supposed forger of the 'Annals' with diabolical ingenuity in forging corroborative evidence. He would certainly have introduced his interpolation into a more obvious writer than St. Jerome. The whole force of the evidence attached to the absence of quotations from the 'Annals' is entirely exaggerated. It would be of little value at any time, as the circulation of manuscripts was erratic and uncertain; and even in the early period of the Middle Ages quotations seem most probably to have been made from literary commonplace books, and not from the originals themselves.

The exception taken to the 'Annals' on grounds drawn from constitutional history is both childish and ignorant. Tacitus says (An. vi. 16) that the Twelve Tables established the "fœnus unciarium" as the rate of usury. The "fœnus unciarium," which is generally put down at ten per cent. per annum, is explained as "an uncia or twelfth part of an as per hundred asses per month, or one per cent. per annum;" but the excessive pressure of usury in early times makes an enactment of one per cent. quite out of the question. The argument which is brought forward to prove Tacitus to be in error is that Livy tells us (vii. 16) that the "fœnus unciarium" was enacted in A.U.C. 398, and so could not have been enacted by the Twelve Tables; anyone who knows anything about Roman constitutional history knows that the repeated enactment of the same laws by the plebs, whenever they had an opportunity, was the chief means they employed of breaking down the firm opposition of the *patres*. About the general meaning of the laws of the Twelve Tables, about the *patres minorum* and *majorum gentium*, the writer,

with an air of certainty where most students are doubtful, patronises the ignorance of Tacitus and completely displays his own.

Really the writer of this book is so certain what Tacitus ought to have written that he feels no doubt of his own sagacity in proving what Tacitus did not write. We must confess that we cannot place implicit confidence in his creative sympathy with the great Roman historian. First of all, he does not understand the difference between a writer like Tacitus and a professed historian of the present day like Mr. Freeman or Mr. Gardiner. Tacitus was a statesman who used history as a vehicle for his own opinions. It is not at all surprising that he should form one scheme for the 'Histories' and afterwards go back to an earlier period in the 'Annals.' He would have said of his writings, 'Facit indignatio historiam;" and, as he grew more bitter in his opinions, he found it wiser to lay aside his plan of writing contemporary history and go back to a period where he might indulge his invective with greater freedom and security. No ancient writer had the modern notion of writing an historical work; they did not aim at collecting accurately all possible facts, but they wished to convey political wisdom to their readers. In the present day Tacitus would have contented himself with writing slashing articles in the *Fortnightly Review;* as that was not possible, he wrote histories. It is easy enough to see in the 'Germania' the desire to set before a corrupt society a picture of primitive simplicity of life, and similar moral motives influenced the other works of Tacitus. Yet his critic regards him only as a literary man who said that he was going to write his history from the point where he began it, and who consequently was sure to go plodding on in the same way. We are surprised to find such a curious judgment as the following to account for the greater pessimism shown in the 'Annals' than in the 'Histories:'—"When Tacitus lived no one despaired of public cares being attended to or the plans of the wise being employed in advancing the national welfare, but when the author of the 'Annals' lived everybody despaired." We should have said that the days of Tacitus were eminently days of despair to the old party of the optimates who believed in the glories of the Roman Republic, while the early fifteenth century was an age of joyousness and of awakening life in Italy such as it had never felt before.

Questions of style admit of much variance of opinion. No doubt, the language of the 'Annals' is more crabbed than that of the 'Histories,' but the writer was older and had grown sourer. The style of Mr. Carlyle's 'Frederic' is less like ordinary English than that of his French Revolution, it is less euphonious, less poetical, and aims at broader effects. We do not, however, on that account infer that some one forged the 'Frederic,' and, in spite of the differences, we still recognise a strong identity of style, as we do in the case of the 'Annals' and 'Histories' of Tacitus. Criticisms on the doubtful Latinity of the 'Annals' do not carry any weight. Tacitus at his worst did not do such violence to Latin grammar as Thucydides did to Greek, yet no one has impeached the genuineness of Thucydides on that account.

But the present writer claims to trace the forgery of the 'Annals' to Poggio, who was led to it by desire for money. We can only say that a tithe of the literary ability displayed in the 'Annals' would have won for Poggio still greater wealth if he had employed it in commemorating the exploits of the Medici family. No doubt, Poggio was an able man, but, unfortunately, he wrote a history of his own, and we find it a far greater difficulty than any that the writer has produced against Tacitus, to believe that the man who could invent the incidents and characters of the 'Annals' made such a poor show out of the actual facts of the 'History of Florence.' But the theory embodied in the book before us is that Niccolo Niccoli suggested the forgery to Poggio, who worked at it for nearly seven years, and then sent the MS. of the last six books to the Abbey of Fulda to be transcribed. Poggio's letters are quoted in support of this view; but we must confess that it seems to us to require a heated imagination to make out this story completely from Poggio's own words. No doubt, Poggio was poor in early life, and Nicolo Niccoli was his friend and wished to help him; no doubt, he lent him MSS. of the Roman historians; but Poggio was cultivating a style for his own 'History of Florence;' no doubt, also, the first mention of the MS. of the last six books of the 'Annals' existing at Fulda is made by Poggio, who had to wait some time before the MS. was brought to light. But all these things are quite obvious separately, though we must admire the ingenuity with which the writer of this book magnifies all these points, tears Poggio's words to pieces, insinuates suspicions at every turn, and tries to work up his readers to the belief that they are on the track of a nefarious conspiracy. We would have liked the story better if Niccolo Niccoli had not been associated with Poggio as an accomplice. Niccolo Niccoli was a simple and genuine enthusiast for the search after classical authors. His library was his delight, he spent all his money in buying MSS., and he died poor and in debt. If we were to grant that Poggio was a mere adventurer who would do anything for money, it would be difficult to accept a man like Niccoli as the suggestor of a deliberate forgery in a sphere where he was himself so truly and genuinely interested. His life by Vespasiano da Bisticci would be a strong reason against believing in his complicity in this scheme. Yet, for the argument of this book, he must have been so. Again, if Poggio were avaricious he was certainly vain. If he had forged the 'Annals' he would never have endured that his MS. should come into the world so ill transcribed as to be reduced to absolute nonsense in many places. Yet we are asked to regard this as one of the happy incidents in the forger's good luck. Even supposing the MS. to have been reduced to this corrupt state by the ignorance of the transcriber, surely Poggio, if he had forged it, would have been anxious to add to his fame and also to his gains by editing it and amending its errors.

However, we are requested to believe things that are much more improbable still. The MS. of the last six books of the 'Annals' was discovered in 1429. Poggio died in 1459; the MS. of the first six books of the 'Annals' was discovered only in 1513. It is as impossible to believe that different men forged the two parts as it is to see how Poggio can have forged them both. The theory we are asked to believe rests on no sort of evidence, but is pure hypothesis. Poggio found that the first forgery had been so lucrative that he determined to follow it up by another. He was just finishing the first six books of the 'Annals' when he died; his sons did not perceive the value of their father's manuscript for some time. At last, after an interval of nearly sixty years, the surviving son gave it to Arcimboldi for correction, and had it transcribed by a monk of Corvey and produced in the same manner as had been so successful with the first instalment. This theory can scarcely be stated with seriousness. It proves too much, and destroys the theory on which the first forgery is founded. If Poggio forged to make money, why did he not make haste to pursue his lucrative trade? Why spend thirty years after his first success in writing treatises "de Avaritia" and trivialities such as "An seni ducenda sit uxor," when he had in the stocks a piece of work like the first six books of the 'Annals?'

We have tried to treat this book seriously, though sometimes we have been tempted to doubt if the writer were really in earnest. That there are difficulties about the writings of Tacitus we readily admit, and we expected that the result of criticism would at any rate tend to throw fuller light on the works of Tacitus themselves; but we cannot say that this book has enlightened us at all about the style or matter of the 'Annals'—nor is it founded on any principles of historical criticism. The writer has wished to prove too much and make his case out too fully. It requires serious labour and guarded language to attack the authenticity of an author who has been so largely accepted as Tacitus. It might have been possible to impugn him in some points, but the book before us has not succeeded in making out any points satisfactorily. It is in the power of any one to assure himself of the amount of plausibility in the theory set forward in this volume by devoting half an hour to reading a few pages of the 'Annals' and of Poggio's 'History of Florence' side by side. We observe that the author has judiciously avoided that part of his argument which would have required him to show any similarity in style, in descriptions, in character-drawing, in historical conception, or in any point whatever between these two works.

DIDEROT.

Diderot and the Encyclopædists. By John Morley. Two vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

"Voltaire I know and Rousseau I know, but who are ye?" So might many a general reader accost the Encyclopædists, who, together with their chief captain Diderot, form the subject of Mr. Morley's third contribution to the "literary preparation for the French Revolution." There is, nevertheless, a growing disposition to assign a more really representative position in connection with this great intellectual movement to Diderot, the life and soul of the Encyclopædia, than to the aristocratic Voltaire, or to Rousseau, a free-thinker by the accidental circumstances of his times, but at bottom an example both of the strong and weak points of the priestly and poetical temperaments. Diderot's comparative lack of celebrity probably arises from the absence of any master-piece identified with his name. Versatile as befitted the founder of the Encyclopædia, his activity is diffused over a vast field, and his powers are scarcely sufficiently concentrated anywhere to achieve a great work or produce a profound impression. 'La Réligieuse' and 'Le Neveu de Rameau,' with all their merits, are chiefly read as proceeding from one in other ways a leading spirit in his age. When, on the other hand, we turn to the Encyclopædia and other works inspired by Diderot, we find that his animating and controlling influence is incapable of embodiment in print, and that the matter by itself is not material for a literary reputation of the first class. It is significant that the most generally admired and most nearly perfect of Diderot's writings should be his artistic criticisms, exactly the *genre* in which accuracy of thought and symmetry of form are of least importance, and in which, apart from the technical qualifications which Diderot possessed in common with inferior men, success lies most nearly within the reach of a brilliant occasional writer.

We have, therefore, to take less account of Diderot the author than of Diderot the pervading influence in literary society outside of merely official circles, the man significant rather in virtue of what he was than of what he wrote, whose conversation would probably have been his best direct legacy to posterity had he found a Boswell or an Eckermann. The more the just appreciation of the man is dependent upon the appreciation of his relation to his times the more thorough should be the biographer's acquaintance both with the general tendencies of those times and the lives and characters of his most distinguished contemporaries. Mr. Morley, it need not be said, leaves nothing to be desired in these respects. To every natural qualification for estimating a career like Diderot's he adds such a knowledge of eighteenth-century France as few Englishmen possess, and a practical mastery of his theme, gained by his previous essays on the biographies of Voltaire and Rousseau, which insures a steadfast hold alike upon his subject and his reader. We feel ourselves under safe guidance so far as respects absolute fact, the solid and tangible substratum of the entire matter. If Mr. Morley's general sympathy with the Encyclopædists and dislike of the principles and institutions they combated are too pronounced for impartiality, such an attitude of mind is, at all events, more fruitful than a position of indifference or negation, and excludes the blank misapprehension of the men and their work so long almost imposed upon English critics by insular prejudice and conventionality. Even Mr. Carlyle's brilliant, and, in the main, very just estimates of Diderot and Voltaire are cramped by the writer's evident consciousness that the men stand in a manner as culprits at the bar, and that "able editors" will not insert, or general readers listen, except on condition of his adopting a tone more suitable to a forensic advocate than to a proclaimer of truth. Diderot, moreover, with all Mr. Carlyle's manifest liking for him, is rather the text than the theme of the latter's eloquent discourse—a welcome proof of the doctrine so dear to Mr. Carlyle that spiritual religion is no affair of the understanding, that logical and mechanical demonstrations of Deity must inevitably conduct a clear-sighted inquirer to atheism. In Diderot Mr. Carlyle evidently recognises a kindred spirit, who would have wrought a work not unlike his own if he had been born in a living and fruitful instead of a rotten and humdrum age, but who at least evinced his worth and sincerity by his frank repudiation of all hollowness and compromise. Whatever truth there may be in this view, it is a mere *aperçu*, concentrating a brilliant ray of light on a single feature of a character conspicuous above all things for its versatility. Mr. Morley's enterprise of at last giving us the whole man is sufficiently justified on that ground alone. Nor can an apostle of the eighteenth century be adequately criticised by a leaf detached from the gospel of the nineteenth. Mr. Carlyle has but used his bones, as Mahomet the camel's, to write his own Koran. At the same time, incomplete as Mr. Carlyle's survey must necessarily be, it is animated by a spirit of true sympathy and tenderness; and we doubt whether the history of literary criticism can show a more amazing misapprehension than that of Diderot's German biographer, Rosenkranz, when he calmly writes:—"Carlyle condemns Diderot on account of his infidelity, and does not see that English sensualism and scepticism must by their corollaries inevitably conduct to French atheism and materialism; as if this negative point of view had been a mere caprice with Diderot, Holbach, and Grimm, and not the necessary consequence of their mode of thought!" As if this were not the very thesis which Mr. Carlyle writes to establish! It certainly taxes our faith in Rosenkranz as an interpreter of Hegel to find him blundering over so exceedingly plain a proposition of Carlyle.

Whether Rosenkranz understands Hegel or not, he understands Diderot, and Mr. Morley has made much use of his valuable biography. The difference between the books is characteristic of the nationalities of the writers, the German treating his hero more fully on the literary side, the Englishman exhibiting him rather in relation to the practical work of his age. No aspect of the citizen or the thinker, however, is neglected by either author; and both have concurred in making Diderot the central figure of a group. Mr. Morley's work, to be fairly judged, should be taken in connection with its predecessors. Much that might well have found a prominent place is merely indicated to avoid repetition from the lives of Voltaire and Rousseau, and these striking figures are necessarily kept somewhat in the background. The priority of these former volumes probably accounts for some apparent omissions in their successor. It might otherwise have been remarked that the true key to the peculiarities of the free-thinking movement of the eighteenth century in France is the violent interruption of intellectual continuity by the suppression of the Reformation. Few greater calamities have befallen mankind. For three generations the advance of religious and philosophical thought was suspended, and, when at length it was resumed, the very tradition of orderly and harmonious developement had become extinct. Inquiry became insurrection, evolution revolution. The characteristics of Diderot and his circle most displeasing to a serious inquirer—levity, irreverence, unfairness, indecency—were less indicative of a morbid taint in the men than of the absence of any tradition of progress and any restraint from authority entitled to respect. Their frivolity and paradox, especially on the relations of the sexes, would hardly have been possible with Protestant antecedents, or in presence of the learning, gravity, and conviction of a Protestant Church. The contrast of Hume and Gibbon with the French Encyclopædists, slight as may have been their actual differences in sentiment, shows how enormous is the advantage of a gradual and harmonious development over a fitful and flighty one. The permanent instability of French institutions may be said to have been decreed on the day when the triumph of the Catholic Church over the Reformation created a situation impossible to be maintained among so keen-witted a people, but admitting of no issue save revolution, in its turn implying reaction, and the perpetual ebb and flow of barren conflict.

The greatest allowance, therefore, should be made for the extravagance of French liberal sentiment in the eighteenth century. Diderot strains the tolerance of an age more chastened by consciousness of the difficulties of belief and unbelief; yet upon actually getting to the bottom of the negations which have brought so much odium upon him, we may find ground for thinking that in process of time they

have become affirmations. The controversy regarding the existence of a Deity external to nature and humanity has lost the importance it possessed when Deity was conceived after the pattern of a terrestrial prince, the possible object of libel and conspiracy like his most Christian and most Catholic representatives below. The really important question is whether the so-called atheist has denied a divinity in the natural and moral world, whether he has interpreted the phenomena of the former as the idle play of chance, and enthroned as supreme arbiter of the last brute force or enlightened selfishness. It is difficult to determine how far Diderot was really obnoxious to such censure; his writings were occasional and polemical, and his horror of dogma degenerated into a distaste for system. No one has dealt heavier blows to the conceptions of a mechanical Demiurgus and of final causes, in so far as these are identified with the convenience of man. But it is not clear that he would have gone to the length of contending that what is not mechanical must be chance-medley; or that Nature must be held to have thought nothing of man unless she can be proved to have thought of nothing else. Mr. Morley emphasises with great force the fundamental difference between the conceptions of Diderot and those of the doctors of the Catholic Church. The latter maintain that human knowledge may be absolute, the former shows that it is merely relative. This is not to say that it is not true knowledge as far as it extends. Diderot's own celebrated illustration of the ants and the rubbish heap assumes that such is the case. The insects are perfectly correct in asserting that the heap is there, and equally so in inferring that there is a good reason for its being there; their error is the further inference that they themselves are the reason. Diderot showed himself a worse reasoner than they if he really poetised to Princess Gallitzin "about eternally revolving atoms, through whose accidental encounter the present ordering of the world was developed." If this was really so, we can readily believe the further statement that "in the long run Diderot was completely routed" by Hemsterhuys, who, if not a man of genius, was a man of sense. But too much stress should not be laid on reports of the conversation of a brilliant and animated talker, a thinker unsystematic upon system.

Diderot's character as a moralist has been prejudiced not only by the literary offences of his younger days but by his mania, of which, indeed, these transgressions are but a symptom, for tampering with topics incapable of being discussed with decorum. This failing, however, has no connection with sensuality; it is a mere manifestation of the undisciplined curiosity of an active and inquisitive intellect. It would be a more serious matter if he could be shown to have inspired the well-intentioned but desolating paradoxes of Helvétius, which would abolish the very possibility of morality by reducing all conduct to the calculations of self-interest. Mr. Morley, however, agrees with Grimm, "that a man must be without taste or sense to find either the morality or the colouring of Diderot in 'L'Esprit.'" His own deportment in life unquestionably gave an admirable example of disinterested devotion to the well-being of humanity, whether personified in great ideas or in humble *protégés*. In his family relations he was not very sensibly below the standard of his age; that he should not have been above it is rather a subject for regret than surprise. Liberal ideas commonly begin by relaxing established regulations and depressing received standards, but end by exalting and confirming what is of true obligation in respect of both. Conventional morality is the only sufferer in the long run, and genuine morality gains in proportion. This is a better defence than Mr. Morley's attempt to retort the scandal upon the merely official representatives of traditional belief. It is hardly to the purpose to show that Cardinal Dubois was more lax than Diderot unless it can also be shown that Dubois' convictions were equally sincere.

We have spoken of Diderot chiefly as a religious and philosophical thinker, the side of his multifarious activity chiefly important to posterity. The 'Encyclopædia,' the greatest achievement of his life, is historically most interesting as the parent of a magnificent progeny, but vitally interesting only as a storehouse of religious and philosophical ideas. Its history is admirably told by Mr. Morley. Diderot's achievements in the department of belles lettres appear slight, but live in virtue of some indefinable quality which can be nothing else than genius. Mr. Morley helps us to judge of them by a version of the most remarkable, 'Rameau's Nephew,' that wonderful study of a character utterly worthless without being utterly despicable, which would have furnished Menander or Molière with matter for a masterpiece, and only needs more symmetry of form to be a masterpiece itself. The value of Mr. Morley's work is also much enhanced by its chapters on Diderot's principal literary and philosophical allies, all typical characters—Helvétius, dull of wit, but strong by persistent volition, who lays siege to fame and subdues her by regular approach; D'Holbach, in all save his controversial acrimony the *beau ideal* of complacent and philanthropic epicureanism; Raynal, an uncritical generaliser from insufficient data, but, at all events, a missionary who bore the torch of humanity into very dark places. Mr. Morley shows how narrowly Helvétius missed the principle destined to become so fruitful in the hands of Bentham; he might have added that a slight touch of poetical imagination would have kindled D'Holbach's dreary creed into Pantheism. To Raynal he seems unjust; we, at least, can discern no apostasy in his courageous remonstrance against the excesses of the Revolution, especially as it does not appear that he was more of a Republican than Voltaire. In justice to the Republic, it is worth observing that Raynal did not die under its displeasure after all, his nomination as a member of the Institute having been only prevented by his decease.

THE METHOD OF LAW.

The Method of Law: An Essay on the Statement and Arrangement o the Legal Standard of Conduct. By James H. Monahan, Q.C. Macmillan.

Legal specialism is now-a-days at a discount. Scientific Germans, according to Professor Mivart, will write you two stout volumes on the hinder bone in the skull of a carp, but lawyers are apt to take all law to be their province. Sir James Stephen codifies the Criminal Law. Mr. Pollock shows the position occupied in scientific jurisprudence by the Law of Contracts. Mr. Justice Markby resolves law into its elements. And Mr. Monahan, in a modest volume of 204 pages, undertakes to point out what should be the method observed in the study and the application of juristic science. Some may think that the "method of law" was finally settled by Bentham. Others may conclude, from the history of English law, and from its practical success, that conscious arrangement may be dispensed with in the construction and administration of a complicated legal system. It is also possible that a study of Mr. Monahan's essay may produce the impression that it is not the best possible instance of the method which it discusses and inculcates. But no one will rise from the perusal of this little work without having gained many interesting suggestions and encountered much relevant criticism.

Mr. Monahan defines the aim of his book as being to explain the "right way to set about and to conduct a systematic arrangement and statement of an existing body of working law." Mr. Monahan's first attempt at classification does not strike us as happy. "Observers would," he says, "naturally, first classify normal acts and forbearances, while leaving instances of conduct apparently resulting from the disturbing influence for separate investigation." The division of conduct, or, if Mr. Monahan pleases, of "acts and forbearances" is certainly an exhaustive dichotomy; but, for legal purposes, that is its only merit. Sir Henry Maine tells us that the Brehon lawyers divided contracts into contracts which were valid and contracts which were not, but he does not recommend the principle on which the division is founded, and the author of the exceedingly clever book, called 'Scintillæ Juris,' appropriately commences his lucubrations by remarking that, "With laws we have small concern until they have been contemned and set at nought." If all "acts and forbearances" were normal, or, in other words, if the great, though artificial, distinction between *meum* and *tuum*

were invariably observed, mankind would devote themselves to more profitable pursuits than the making of laws. The "legal standard," if such a standard there be, is the expression of one which is the exclusion of the other, is merely a mythical entity substituted for the *exiguus finis libidinum* as the touchstone of civic conduct, and the regulator of that from which it really springs. When we have generally agreed what "acts and forbearances" are to be punishable by law, it is easy enough to frame a rule which will really express and apparently explain what was accomplished before the rule was invented. If our notions of irregularity and penal consequences were as chaotic as was Coke's notion of a 'legal standard," it would be easier to frame a code than to conceive a canon. Nor can we agree with Mr. Monahan that there is any distinction to be made between the rules of evidence and the other rules of procedure. There is doubtless a science of evidence which is of wider application and deeper significance than any legal principles or formulas. Evidence, as Professor Bain has pointed out, is scientific, historical, and legal, and the differences between its rules in each case are great and important. But legal evidence, whatever may be its basis, is in itself procedure, and nothing more. The first edition of Sir James Stephen's 'Digest of the Law of Evidence' affords a good instance of the evil which may result from disregarding or ignoring this obvious fact. According to the language there employed, wherein relevancy and admissibility were systematically confounded, the testimony of a wife that she saw her husband knock down A B with a bludgeon would be irrelevant to the inquiry whether her husband murdered A B. The error, which was really no more than verbal, was corrected in the third edition, but, when Mr. Monahan apparently revives it in the form of a doctrine, it seems worth a passing protest.

No part of Mr. Monahan's book is more interesting and instructive than that in which he deals with the tendency of English lawyers to "deal with legal abstractions as if they had some real objective existence." The obsolete doctrine of *scintilla juris*, as explained by Mr. Williams in his work on Real Property, is a good instance of this, and, indeed, the whole history of contingent remainders is one long exemplification of the fallacy. Not so very long ago, it was the law that a contingent remainder, even after it had become vested, was destroyed by the destruction of the vested remainder on which it had depended. Until last year it was the law that every contingent remainder was destroyed by the destruction of the previous vested remainder before the contingent remainder became vested. And even now, since the Act of 1877 "To Amend the Law as to Contingent Remainders" (40 & 41 Vict., c. 33), a contingent remainder, partly vested and partly not, will be destroyed, so far as it is still contingent, by the destruction of the previous vested remainder. Thus, if land be left to A, remainder to B, remainder to such of C's daughters as shall attain the age of twenty-one unmarried, and at the time when the survivor of A and B dies C has three unmarried daughters, one of them being twenty-one, and the other two respectively twenty and nineteen, the eldest will take the whole bequest, to the absolute and unconditional exclusion of her two sisters. This, as Mr. Monahan points out, really results from regarding a "remainder" as an existing thing, which cannot cease to exist without involving dependent existences in annihilation. Mr. Monahan also puts the following case, of which, from his allusion thereto in the Preface, he appears to be rather proud :—

> Suppose a testator to make a will in these words :—"I give my sister Jane (who has never been married) an annuity of £50 a year, payable solely out of my personal property. I give her this annuity expressly on the condition that she shall never marry. If she marries she shall thenceforth forfeit this annuity. I give all the residue of my property to A B, and I appoint him my executor."
>
> Suppose a second testator (to simplify matters, let him be brother to the first and to Jane) to make his will in these words :—"I give my sister Jane an annuity of £50 a year, to be paid to her until she marries, and to be paid solely out of my personal property. I give all the residue of my personal property to A B, and I appoint him my executor." . . . Observe how different the two wills must look to a mind accustomed to regard an annuity as a legal entity. The first testator creates this entity, makes it last during Jane's lifetime, gives it to her, and then takes it from her if she shall marry. The second testator does no such thing. The annuity given by him has no existence after she marries. So that when she marries he takes nothing whatever from her. And the amazing practical result is arrived at that Jane may marry and yet keep her annuity of £50 given to her by the first will; but, once she marries, her annuity under the second will is at an end."

If Mr. Monahan's law be correct, which we will not here dispute, this is as good an example as could be desired of the peculiar *idolon tribus*, from which Mr. Monahan himself is not entirely free. There is much suggestive criticism in this small volume.

A NEW ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

English Grammar, Historical and Analytical. By Joseph Gostwick. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1878.

Mr. Gostwick is in some respects a very willing learner. No sooner has he dipped pen in ink than he hastens to prove himself an orthodox believer in the unity of English speech from the ninth century downwards. To have learnt this much is, we have been given to understand, no mean achievement indeed. Accordingly, Mr. Gostwick burns to explain and maintain the great thesis that Englishmen are Englishmen—that we are ourselves and not somebodies else. He traces the history of language in the island from the days of Gælic and Cymræg before the Roman occupation, and he introduces the main thread rather impressively with the announcement, made twice over in separate paragraphs, that the most victorious of all the Teutonic invaders of the fifth century were the Engle or Englishmen. How these triumphant Engle possessed the land and ruled Britannia and spoke English ever since is recorded in a very fair summary. We are just a little uncertain whether Mr. Gostwick sees his way very clearly among the inter-relations of the Teutonic languages; and perhaps he might have contrived to make his useful introduction somewhat more full in the same space by means of judicious curtailments.

Mr. Gostwick does not require to go very deep into the astonishing use we make of our alphabet, but what he does say about it he says very well. Unfortunately, he is much less successful in the first large division of his work, the classification of words. This is the part of a grammar that furnishes the clearest and severest test of the author's philosophical grasp of his subject. To decline the test, as Mr. Gostwick does, is a sign of feebleness. If the book is to have a framework at all there is no avoiding definitions and classification, and unless these be taken in hand with scientific thoroughness the value of the work is most seriously imperilled. A new writer can have no excuse for falling behind the most advanced point reached by his predecessors. He cannot be permitted to say that "in the following *notes on the parts of speech* no attempt is made to give complete definitions." This refuge of the lame and the lazy will not avail the author of a manual of such pretensions as Mr. Gostwick's. It is very discouraging to find "definitions" repeated at this time of day to the effect that "a noun is a name," that "a pronoun is a word used instead of a noun," and so forth. The classes are arranged after the same manner as the definitions. Cross classification is not avoided, and completeness is expressly disclaimed. Apart altogether from the scientific failure implied here, the practical results of such work are found, as might be anticipated, to be disastrous. Grammar is by no means one of the strong points of our schools. One of Her Majesty's inspectors declares that he does "not *expect* any satisfactory results until a higher standard of proficiency in it has been attained by the teachers themselves." Another gives his experience and opinion in this form: "In grammar, unfortunately, a slovenly or incorrect definition or explanation may too often be defended by the teacher by reference to the text-book. Some reform is sorely wanted here." And if we remember right, a third inspector was informed by a lad that "any word that did not seem to be satisfactorily disposed of elsewhere was most probably an adverb," the adverb being regarded as a

most convenient lumber-room for all the odds and ends of grammatical parsing. The laxity of writers fosters inertness of mind and leads to slovenly work, or, if teacher and pupils be of an inquiring turn, it causes endless perplexity and worry. The sprinkling of antique forms is both useful and interesting, but it can do little to compensate the defects we have pointed to.

Inflexion affords ample opportunity for illustration of the difference between synthetic and analytic, and Mr. Gostwick does much justice to the historical changes of the parts of speech. He rightly guards against such a display of obsolete forms as might prove quite distressing to readers not more or less familiar with linguistic changes. In this case self-restraint is a much greater virtue than overpowering liberality. Here and there, indeed, one might be inclined to regret that older forms have not been given; for instance, a pretty full history of the peculiar plurals—"feet," "mice," &c.—would be very instructive, and so would the curiosities of "pea, peas, pease," &c. It is hardly worth while to say simply that "man" forms its plural "men" by change of vowel. A little spice of such historical matter would be a great bargain in exchange for a couple of pages about poetical gender through personification. It might have been well also to set down the ablative or instrumental form of "se, seó, thaet," and of "hwæt;" "the" (before a comparative), in particular, has to be explained somewhere as a modified form of the ablative of the demonstrative, and a reader with curiosity enough to look up this ablative would be disappointed to find the inflexion incomplete. Mr. Gostwick should have been more decided in explaining how we have come by our present plural ending for nouns. We did not like his statement that "poets, for the sake of brevity and elegance, often use the form '*whose*' without reference to persons;" it seemed somehow to imply that prose writers do not use the form in this way at all. We liked it still less when we met with it again a few pages further on: "'*Whose*' mostly refers to persons, but in poetry may refer to inanimate objects." Now, Mr. Gostwick must know, though he seems to have forgotten, that this limitation of the employment of "whose" exists only in an over-hasty rule, once accepted by our grammarians, but now given up. We think he will find examples in prose writers without any difficulty. The verb inflexion is especially full, and both the Old and New verbs are elaborately classified on a historical basis. Apart from the illustration by older forms, however, there is little to commend under Inflexion; the modern usages are not given so clearly, decisively, and completely as was to be expected.

In treating Derivation Mr. Gostwick appears to be engaged upon a congenial task. We do not propose to follow him through this part in detail, picking out an occasional mistake here and an occasional omission in another place; for his strength and his weakness come out just as before. The huge mass of facts collected under the numerous sub-divisions testifies to unwearied diligence.

The department of Syntax occupies about one-half of Mr. Gostwick's volume. This arises from another enormous accumulation of examples. We are willing enough to give Mr. Gostwick credit for his good intentions in the arrangement of these, but we very much doubt whether the results will be so advantageous as he anticipates. The examples are all given in a body, ranged in divisions according to the parts of the sentence: first, examples of subjects in all imaginable forms; then, examples of attributes similarly; next, examples of verbs in all sorts of concords, moods, tenses, &c., and so on. Thereafter, as a new section, follow the rules all in a body, ranged in the same order, and connected with the list of examples by references under each rule. It seems to us, as we have hinted, that there is less gained than there is lost by the separation in place between the rule and the examples that it is supposed to grow out of. The inductive principle does not demand such a separation. Supposing each rule were set down with its examples immediately under it, as on the usual plan, would any reasonable person imagine that the rule was intended to stand there as the basis of the examples to which these must conform? We know very well that unreasonable quibbling and stupid teaching have given colourable pretext for quarrelling with the usual arrangement; but these are not, in our view, sufficient reasons for disturbing it. The inductive principle requires nothing more than the placing of the examples first before each rule, without local separation; and even this is a not very necessary concession. The rules that Mr. Gostwick draws from his examples are very much more numerous than the usual contingent of Syntax rules, and many of them might be more properly placed elsewhere. Only, it is to be observed that he gives Syntax an unusually large interpretation, including not only Analysis of Sentences, but also a great amount of matter upon periods and paragraphs, as well as a disquisition on "ordinary prose." Further remarks on composition, several vocabularies, and a welcome index conclude the volume.

Mr. Gostwick has brought together an immense collection of materials which a firm scientific grasp might have enabled him to digest into an excellent book. While following a lead, like most of us, he is too independent to go the length of "High *Dutch;*" and there is every sign that he has worked out his book mainly from his own study. But we cannot say that it is likely to drive a single competitor from the field.

AN APOLOGY FOR WAR.

The Philosophy of War. By James Ram. 1 vol. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Has it yet been demonstrated beyond the possibility of question that this world of ours is overcrowded in all its parts? On some such theory rests, it appears, the Philosophy of War as evolved by Mr. Ram. He considers that the slaughter of men by men on the battle-field is, when rightly looked upon, rather a beneficent operation of Nature than otherwise. It forms one of the means—and a not unimportant one—by which she kills off weaklings and other inconvenient human units of a paltry sort, thus gradually improving the stock by allowing the survivors wider room to live in and more sustenance for their bodies. Such is the thesis of the author, and it cannot be denied that he supports it with considerable ability. But, after all, what does the proposition amount to but another affirmation of the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest? Two armies meet; the less capable is put to the rout with indefinite slaughter of those units who could least protect themselves; the gain to the world is that it has more food to spare for the nourishment of its first-class warriors. Then, these being well fed and habitually puffed up with martial pride by life-long successes—for few except the ever-victorious ought clearly to survive in a warlike State—would transmit their fighting qualities to their children, and so on *in sæcula sæculorum*. This is the doctrine of heredity, and from it, together with its parent, the survival of the fittest, we get at a glance the reasons why every human being should feel it a sweet and gracious thing to die not only for his country but for all who are put in authority over her, even when they chance to be cracked like poor "Squire George," or inflated with vanity like the Prime Minister of his granddaughter. It would be an immense consolation for a British soldier shot, say, in Armenia to remember that his removal from the world allowed elbow-room for a better man, who, again, would transmit highly superior fighting qualities to unnumbered generations. It is a pity to disturb such a complacent theory even by a doubt, but we are compelled to solicit information on one or two heads. Mr. Ram affirms that the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the century had the effect of diminishing the average stature of the present French people by two inches per head. If this be the case—the statement does not proceed from us—what becomes of the race-improvement by—heredity doctrine? Surely, after their many years of fighting before Waterloo, our lively neighbours ought to have produced a population of warriors to whom the conquest of the world would have been as easy as masticating the mites in an atom of ripe Stilton. As the Franco-German war did not show them quite in this light, the doctrine of hereditary transmission of acquired martial qualities would seem to be open to exception among soldiers. The second head on which we have to confess to puzzledom is the theory, inseparable from Mr. Ram's argument, that the

slaughter in war of a nation's strongest men renders the rest of the people physically superior to the deceased. Armies are recruited, as a rule, from the pick of the population, physically speaking. These men, even if they be not made food for powder, are not given to marrying. The State accordingly loses so much of its physical reproductive power. How, then, does war conduce, either directly or indirectly, to the survival of the fittest and the gradual improvement of race characteristics by hereditary transmission? We think that, if Mr. Ram had remembered one striking proof to the contrary, he would not have published his fanciful little book. More than sixty years have elapsed since England was engaged in warfare of such magnitude and duration as could exercise any real effect on her population. The children of those engaged in that strife must either be dead or have very cool blood in their veins by this time. Yet it was only the other day that these isles were echoing with the shouts of the most warlike race in the world—the valorous tribe of "Jingoes." Surely, Mr. Ram will scarcely pretend that these brave beings received their heroic attributes by hereditary transmission from the veterans of the Peninsular campaign? Nor is it easy even to imagine them the efflorescence of ennobling slaughter that happened more than half-a-century ago—a supposition necessary to maintain the survival of the fittest theory. It would be doing our glorious braves a gross injustice to accept either one proposition or the other. What they are they owe to themselves alone, and it may well be doubted whether they would have been so stupendously courageous, so filled to the brim with martial ardour, but for being born and bred amid the piping times of peace. It might be interesting, however, from a purely scientific point of view, to take these heroes to the tented field in order to demonstrate the truth or falsity of Mr. Ram's views about the operations of dame Nature. If they invariably performed "strategic combinations to the rear" whenever in sight of the enemy—a not unlikely contingency, perhaps—it would afford an absolute proof that the fittest (to run away) do survive even the carnage of the battle-field.

GEORGE MOORE.

George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist. By S. Smiles, LL.D. London: George Routledge and Sons.

We must confess that when we first took up this somewhat clumsy-looking volume we were disposed to agree with the leading City merchant whose opinion the biographer asked as to the advisability of writing these memoirs. "What can you make," he said, "out of the life of a London warehouseman?" Indeed, there is not much novelty in the story of a poor boy going up to London from the country, getting employment with a draper, marrying his master's daughter, and amassing a large fortune; but, in fact, a perusal of the 518 pages of which this book consists has proved a task not only not tedious but full of interest.

The details of the early part of the life are given, doubtless, with too great minuteness, as, for instance, in the story of a visit to an aunt at Bolton Hall, where the hero passed the night in a haunted room, but saw nothing and slept well, and in one or two other cases, though the accounts of Cambrian manners, customs, and celebrities will be attractive to those who know the locality. But even in this portion of the book the reader is impressed strongly with the continuous energy and activity of the man, an impression which goes on increasing in force until the very end. We may pass quickly over his early difficulties in getting a situation in London, his earnest efforts to supply the deficiencies of the education of his boyhood, his shrewdness and quickness as a commercial traveller in the service of Fisher, Stroud, Robinson, and Co.; qualities that finally induced the rival firm of Groucock and Copestake to offer him a partnership in self-defence, with the result of making this then small house one of the largest and most important in the City. Mr. Moore was enabled to build a large house in Kensington Palace-gardens, and to purchase the estate of Whitehall, in Cumberland, close to Westgate, and the small farm on which he was born, which had been in the possession of his family for generations. Truly these details would have rendered the compilation of these memoirs a fitting task for the author of 'Self Help;' but the most attractive feature in George Moore's history is the energy with which he devoted himself to help others. The following is a remarkable instance of this. Before he left Cumberland he had been sent from Wigton to Dumfries to pay over a sum of money to a cattle-dealer. The latter asked him to assist in driving a herd of cattle to Wigton, which he consented to do. The dealer chose to attempt to cross the Solway sands at night. They were caught by the tide, and narrowly escaped drowning, losing a large number of the herd. Some years after, when George Moore was yet a clerk in Flint, Ray, and Co.'s house in London, on a salary of 40*l.* a year, this same dealer was convicted of sheepstealing and sentenced to transportation for life. Probably, there was an ownerless beast or two in the herd mentioned above, and hence the choice of so dangerous a route. Though there was no other tie between them but this perilous Solway trip, the convict wrote to the draper's clerk for assistance. He at once bestirred himself in the matter, got a memorial signed by several influential people in Cumberland presented to the Secretary of State, and the sentence reduced to fourteen years' banishment. We regret to add that the object of all this charitable energy proved very undeserving of it, and it would have been better if Mr. Moore had allowed the law to take its course. But this same energy led to much more important results afterwards. As soon as ever the first fruits of his prosperity allowed him he began to assist others to follow in his own footsteps and avoid the difficulties which had beset his own early life. Witness the foundation of the Commercial Travellers' Schools and the measures taken for the improvement of education in his native country. But the biography must be read to obtain an idea of the numerous public charities he started and supported both with money and by his own indefatigable personal exertions, and the number of private individuals he assisted, many of his acts being done in secret, and the recipients of his charity not knowing the name of their benefactor until after his death. This same energy led him to be first in Paris after the raising of the siege in 1871 to distribute the provisions supplied from the Mansion House Fund, when the judicious measures of himself and his colleague Colonel Wortley enabled English charity to save thousands from starvation. A year or two after this an English lady, walking with a Frenchman down Kensington Palace-gardens, observed her companion take off his hat on passing George Moore's house. It is not necessary to ask the reason.

Though exceedingly religious, George Moore's religion did not, as is so very usual, narrow his views. He was absolutely free from sectarianism, and the simultaneous reception at Whitehall of High Church, Broad Church, Low Church, and sometimes no Church visitors, must have been both instructive and amusing. Spurgeon seems to have got on harmoniously there with eminently orthodox Clergymen of the Church of England. In the same way Moore was perfectly unhampered by class distinctions, and the poorest clerk in his warehouse would be placed at his table next to the highest dignitaries of his acquaintance. He six times refused to be Member of Parliament, always alleging that he was not sufficiently educated for the post, and was "sadly cast down at hearing that an injudicious friend had applied for a baronetcy for him." He "stopt the application." His last act was to go to Carlisle to attend a meeting of the "Nurses' Institution" there. He had declined to be present until he had ascertained that it was intended among other things to have a trained nurse to visit the poor at their own houses—free. He was knocked down by a runaway horse, and taken to die at the little Grey Coat Inn, the very house at which he had slept fifty-two years previously, before starting on his first coach journey to London. Space forbids us to give more than a very slight sketch of this remarkable life. We trust that our readers will not be frightened by the size of the book, but will judge of it for themselves. We have above remarked on a certain redundancy of detail, but possibly this may be attributed to the tender anxiety of the widow that nothing should be omitted. At the close of his preface

the biographer says, "It has been the one wish of Mrs. Moore's heart that a proper memorial of her husband's life should be placed on permanent record. I hope that I have gratified her wish, and that the public will be satisfied with the result." We are sure that the first portion of this hope has been, and we confidently expect that the second will be fulfilled.

THE GREAT FROZEN SEA.

The Great Frozen Sea, a Personal Narrative of the Voyage of the Alert during the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76. By Capt. Albert Hastings Markham, R.N., late Commander of H.M.S. *Alert*. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co.

To say that Capt. Markham's narrative of the doings of the Arctic Expedition is better than Capt. Nares's may, to those who have read the latter work, be considered only a negative compliment. Still, the one volume of the *Alert's* Commander is far superior as a work of art to its Captain's two. It covers the same ground, tells many of the same facts, relates the same little jokes, and the same mild adventures, admires much the same things, puffs the same nobodies, and cries ditto to the same absurdities. But yet the little adventures sound more entertaining in Capt. Markham's book; the cheerless islands and bays, with the names of the same undistinguished people attached to them, are better described; and if Capt. Markham is not deficient in petty naval jealousy and exclusiveness, he does not offend so offensively as Capt. Nares by considering that the labours of that pariah the unpaid civilian are to be ignored, or accepted without acknowledgment merely as the heaven-born rights of that salt of the sea—a naval Post Captain! Moreover, the Captain, if not invariably correct in his facts and his nomenclature, does not blunder so egregiously as the Knight. For all which, with hopes chastened by much disappointment, we are sincerely pleased and almost grateful. There is, of course, little in 'The Great Frozen Sea,' which is not in the other book, and it is to be regretted that naval etiquette should have compelled Captain Markham to delay his narrative until so inapt a penman as Sir George Nares had pasted together his blue book clippings, or that the commander of the Arctic Expedition had not been wise enough to forego the honours of authorship in favour of his subaltern, who in this little volume has shown himself possessed of no small literary ability. Captain Markham has not now made his first effort at authorship, and though—probably owing to the poverty of incidents, capable of description—the present is not, in our opinion, equal to the two former cruise-volumes from his pen, it is, notwithstanding its log-book style, a work of no small merit, and in every respect as complete and satisfactory a history of the Arctic Expedition as any one outside the Geographical Society's Arctic Committee could desire. He tells his own tale, and in telling it, unconsciously tells the tale of all his shipmates.

The facts related are so well known that a few notes, taken at random, may suffice to give an idea of the style and contents of the work. We are told once more how entire ships' crews volunteered for Arctic service, and the difficulty there was in the making a selection. As it was, the officers would seem (from the statement on p. 5) to have been selected as much from their ability to amuse the ships' company as from anything else. "Can you sing or dance? or what can you do for the amusement of others?" were the questions invariably addressed to candidates for Arctic service by the Board of Officers appointed to select from the numerous applicants who presented themselves. It was probably for their entertaining qualities that two chaplains were selected, though even on this hypothesis it would be difficult to understand how certain other supernumeraries solved the problem of the fly and the amber. In Parry's time, a half-century ago, it was quite the exception to find a man in the navy who could write. But on board the *Alert* only two out of the entire ship's company were unable to read and write, which certainly shows an advance in the educational status of the navy, let us hope not accompanied by a corresponding deterioration in the more important qualities of seamanship. Captain Nares tells us that his officers were a very studious set of men, whom he allowed to sit up late in order to improve their minds. Captain Markham, probably more bluffly accurate, assures his readers that "chess, backgammon, and a rubber in the captain's cabin" were the chief amusements of himself and messmates, though the gambling was very mild, a lucifer match being the usual stake. It is true that one reckless punter offered to stake a tallow candle; but no one could be found to take up his bet. School, Popular Lectures, or lectures which probably were very unpopular, "penny reading" amusements, dances, theatrical performances, and endless little dinners varied the monotony of the off season. Here is one of the printed *menus*:—

POTAGES.
Mulligatawny.
POISSONS.
Pégouse à la Couverture de Laine.
ENTREES.
Petits Pâtés d'Homard à la Chasse: Rognons à Pain roti.
RELEVES.
Mouton rôté à l'Anglais. Tongues on Gimbals.
ENTREMETS.
Poudin aux Raisins.
Blanc-manger à la Hammock.
Petits pâtés d'Hahis à la place d'Eccleston.
DESSERT.
Poudin glacé a la Hyperborean.
Figues. Noce.
Gâteau à l'Irlandais.
Café et Liqueur à la Jesson.

If the French in this gastronomic document is indifferent, the concoctors can plead in excuse that it is quite as good as that on most London fashionable dinner tables. The "Couverture de Laine," it may be explained, was a mild joke; blanket wrappers being articles of wearing appeal. The Lobster "à la chasse" in like manner, is a pun on the name of the cook, a worthy personage called "Hunt," while "la place d'Eccleston" is, we suppose, Smith's Sound French for Eccleston-square, apparently the home of the gentleman who is so frequently referred to as "my cousin." Captain Markham mentions a curious fact which we do not recollect having ever seen noted before. The hair on the face of those who were a long time absent from the ship during the cold spring months became perfectly blanched, until, in fact, it was nearly white. "The loss of colour was gradual, and, though noticed, was never alluded to, each one imagining that his companion's hair was turning grey from the effects of hardship and anxiety! It was only after our return to the ship that those possessing beards and moustaches discovered the change that had occurred. The colour returned in the same gradual manner that it had disappeared. We all suffered a loss of hair from the head; but this may easily be attributed to our seal skin caps and other head dresses, which were constantly worn." Here and there throughout Captain Markham's pages we have noticed what looks like the mispelling of proper names, a few errors in science, and something which, were the offender a less kindly gentleman than he seems to be, we should be inclined to term sneering at those who little deserve this treatment at his hands, and could doubtless retort with crushing effect to a writer whose strong point is certainly *not* science. We also hope that in future editions the author will disestablish that terrible word "Eskimos," which grates on our ear as harshly as if he had told us of the "sheeps" they had on board, or the "deers," "trouts," and "swines," which, robbed of the terminal "s," we are glad to find the author and his shipmates were well provided with.

BENGALIANA.

Bengaliana: A dish of rice and curry, and other indigestible ingredients. By S. C. Dutt. Calcutta: Thacker Spink and Co.

'Shunkur, a tale of the Indian Mutiny of 1857,' is in some respects the most noteworthy portion of this volume. The subject has been a little overdone; but in the present instance it acquires a fresh interest, first, as affording a representative Bengali an opportunity for the exposure of English character, and, secondly, as furnishing Englishmen with a corresponding opportunity for taking the measure of a representive Bengali. In either case, the result will be anything but flattering; though, it must be explained that the retaliatory

process does not appear to have entered into the baboo's calculations. But let him speak for himself. The story of Shunkur relates the providential interventions by which three natives traced to one and the same locality in Oude three Englishmen whose blood they had vowed to spill. Shunkur and Probhoo were, respectively, the husband and brother of a village girl, whom Mackenzie and Bernard—two refugees from the Cawnpore massacres—had cruelly ravished as she slept, in her own hut, within a few feet of the spot wherein she and her mother had compassionately hidden them from the Nana's emissaries. The third native was a regimental officer, in pursuit of the English superior who had caned him. The *havildar* was in a bad way; for, while he related to the two brothers the tale of the insult his mouth foamed, we are told, as if he were suffering from hydrophobia. Mackenzie was the first to pay the penalty of his crimes. Bernard and Abbott were traced to a corner in the Oude jungle, where the two brothers overheard them bargaining for the possession of the Nana's wife, who at that moment was engaged a few yards off, in a mawkish love scene with her foul husband. Bernard and Abbott pounced upon the Nana and his wife, and Shunkur and Probhoo pounced upon Bernard and Abbott, who were much astonished. "At your old tricks again," said Shunkur to Bernard, who was just about to commit another rape; but Shunkur grasped him by the "windpipe," in good time, and "the next moment that villain was a corse."

This story is foolish enough, but it is none the less offensive; for Mackenzie, Bernard, and Abbott are deliberately intended to be types of, not aberrations from, the ordinary English character. Every Englishman is, at least, a bully. "On being struck," however, "he always returns to his senses. He is apt to consider every man his inferior who does not establish by the incontrovertible logic of force that he is his equal." English women as well as English men come under the baboo's impartial lash. Our countywomen in India are sometimes shown up as drunken creatures, who with a kick of their "elephantine legs" break the shins of "niggers" (this last substantive is the baboo's, not ours); or, like the "Miss Jemimas" and the "Misses Fitzbuggins," they "shake their pretty little fists," likewise at the niggers. At other times they "loll" on their couches "in their palatial residences at Chowringhee," call their male friends Pat and Bill, and in the height of an argument say, "The Prophet be damned." As it is the baboo's boast to be veracious, it would be interesting to know in what class of society he derived his knowledge of English female character. Once, indeed, the Baboo confesses his admiration even for such unfeminine persons as English women, in his very uncalled-for description of the tragedy of the Well:—"Poor brave English hearts! brave even to the last! brave women and brave children! In what page of history shall we read an account to equal your heroic sufferings?"

Brave, indeed. But is there an Englishman, upon whose heart this story is engraved for ever, who can help resenting this particular tribute to their heroism? The repetition of the tale is an offence; it serves no purpose save that of reawakening an unavailing sorrow. But the offence is aggravated by the gratuitous detail of indignities which Englishwomen endured at the hands of inhuman sepoys—cruel details over which, even had they been real, and not the vile invention that they are, a European writer would have thrown a veil. It is further aggravated by the reader's instinctive feeling that the Hindu writer is a stranger to the English idea of womanhood. The only women whom he does not grossly caricature are the toys of the Zenana. As signs, more or less indirect, of the kind of ignorance alluded to, take the hyper-womanish terms in which he speaks of the only Englishman for whom he entertained an affection; his description of the Nana as having been "unmanned" by his wife's tearful devotion—fancy that adjective, with or without its prefix, applied to the butcher just red-handed from the well—and the too great fulness of detail with which he lays open his oft-repeated rapes and ravishments. The last and most difficult lesson which the Oriental has to learn from his western master is the elevation of his sentiments about woman; but, in the present case, the sentiment, appearances notwithstanding, seems chiefly of the harem; the barbaric hoof peeps forth beneath the cloak of the foreign speech. So that this special expression of pity for the "brave English hearts," "the brave women and the brave children," is one that an English reader might be justified in regarding as an intrusion.

It is at least some consolation to know that the English have erred in good company. The Greek invaders of India were, if possible, even greater scoundrels than the English. The story of Shunkur is immediately followed by one which exhibits four Greek soldiers attempting to commit—rape, of course. And, of course, the young lady and her lover, Bulnath, the Punjabi chief, are pouring forth the usual mawkish sensualities when the four rascals rush upon them. Bulnath killed three, and was just in time to save his betrothed from the arms of the fourth. This adventure may have had some connection with the wrath of Alexander, who, a few sentences further on, is swearing "by Jupiter Ammon that every villain of them...shall find a bloody grave." Nearchus tries to pacify the monarch, but the latter exclaims:—"Enough, Nearchus, enough, I will hear no excuses. Leave the matter to me, and learn how to command the fortunes of war. What, ho! Bessus (for he named his slaves after the princes he had vanquished) harness Bucephalus early at dawn, and bid a large party of our personal guards to be ready for immediate service." A desperate service it was, for the Macedonians were welcomed "with a sharp fire of musketry," from which even Bucephalus himself must have recoiled. At any rate it was too much for Perdiccas, who repeatedly fell back in spite of Alexander's "jump on your horse, and try it again." But, of course, the Punjabis were beaten in the long run, and poor Bulnath was steeped in honey, tied hand and foot, and suspended from a tree for the ants to crawl over—as an emblem to the Hindus of the treatment they were to receive from successive hordes of conquerors, English included.

So much for past oppression, and now for the day of deliverance, for which see p. 347, 'The Republic of Orissa: a page from the Annals of the Twentieth Century.' Of this grotesque production, it is enough to say that it attributes the rise of the native Republic of Orissa to the English policy (year 1916) of reducing the people of Hindustan into a condition of abject, hopeless slavery! *Et tu Brute!* Does not this baboo exemplify in his own person two of the distinctive efforts of the British-Indian Government of our day—the education of the natives, and their preparation for the honours and the responsibilities of self-government? The baboo is one of the best educated Bengalis of his generation; he is, perhaps, the most successful of them who have written in English; and he signs himself a justice of the peace. If we are not mistaken, he is also a member of the Calcutta municipality; for Calcutta can boast of a local government such as does not exist even in London, which is one of the new and great institutions of modern India, and which is mainly controlled by the natives themselves. In her local schools and administrations Bengal cannot be said to be an exception to the other provinces. Yet, knowing all the facts, this loyal J.P.—this baboo-prophet of Utopia—writes of native republics as being goaded into existence by the slave-laws and the bloody cruelties of the Anglo-Indian Government.

But the first series of papers in this volume, the "Reminiscences of a Kerani's Life," is, as a rule, of a very different stamp. The essays are amusing; and, if space permitted, we would most gladly quote a specimen or two. They are also impartial, inasmuch as pretentious natives and native toadies—especially the millionaires, who, as the upper country people would say, act "the Englishman's dog"—are lashed and satirized as mercilessly as if they were the English "puppies who write C.S. after their names;" so very impartial, that the reader leaves off with the impression that the only clever person, native or foreign, in all India is the kerani autobiographer himself. They are exceedingly well written, betraying throughout all their eighty pages but few slight traces of the native-English manner. "How many recollections crowd on the brain and addle it:" "raw from school, with the melodious warblings of 'D. L. R.' still rumbling in his brains."

—none but a Bengali baboo could have written that. "The phiz of Medusa" is also an illustration of the free-and-easy manner in which Calcutta baboos show off their acquaintance with Lemprière. In the same way, the spirit who carries our Kerani to the Hindu Olympus calls him "old horse," "old codger," and says "hold your jaw!" Olympus is a caricature of "Young Bengal" society, and the bright gods are eating steaks from the rump of the holy cow, and washing down Bologna sausages with old tom. The goddess Lakshmi was "sucking stewed trotters of pork," and the beautiful Parvati, when she saw the visitors from the lower world, rapped out—"You be damned." It is meant to be funny, but the whole thing is vulgar and stupid. Besides which, even the baboo's coolies are the most given to talking in the stilted, romantic manner of the picturesque people in Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James. No native ever rants about caitiffs and hell-hounds; and the allusions to the "footmen" and "the old gray towers of Delhi" have a western flavour. It is almost a relief to discover that the Bengali palkee-wallahs don't say "'odd's blood," "'Zounds!" "marry," and "by my halidom!" But, with these exceptions, or rather classes of exceptions, which, we are sorry to say, are so many, the author's diction is immeasurably above the level of even ordinarily good native-English. Mr. Choshee Chunder Dutt knows English like his mother tongue, and he can wield it with the ease of a practised and accomplished English man of letters.

HARE'S WALKS IN LONDON.

Walks in London. By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: Daldy and Isbister.

The number of London guide-books is enormous; but the quantity is very far ahead of the quality. Three times within a few months have we seen Miss Strickland's famous but ridiculous derivation of Charing from "Chère Reine" put forward seriously by people who ought to know better. Mr. Hare does not fall into this mistake, but, for some reason, not very plain, regrets the impossibility of the derivation. He mentions that a village on the site is spoken of as early as 1266, under the name of "Cherringe;" and hazards the conjecture that it comes from the Saxon "Charan," to turn, "both the road and river making a bend here." Wild guess work like this is so common that it is hardly worth while to refute it; and it is useless to point out the only possible meaning to writers who will regret to learn the truth. Charing was a mark of the Saxon family of the Charingas, and the name occurs in other places where neither a dear queen nor a winding river ever existed. Not very long ago a leading newspaper had a paragraph announcing the discovery of the brass of "an abbess of Kilburn Priory, which was once attached to old Westminster Abbey." The writer omitted to explain, what would have been even more interesting, how it came to pass that a priory had an abbess and not a prioress, and how a nunnery could be attached to the monastery at Westminster. Mr. Weller, the younger, if we mistake not, has some remarks on "priory attachments," which might afford a clue, but, seriously, it is amazing that not only paragraph writers, as in this case, but people who at least profess to guide the public, like Mr. Hare, are even in topographical books, wholly ignorant of the first principles of English topography. Thus, to take a simple example, "Elms-lane in Bayswater," we read, "commemorates the Elms where Holinshed says that Roger Mortimer was drawn and hanged—'at the Elms, near Tilborne.'" Does it occur to Mr. Hare that at the time of which Holinshed wrote, and for centuries later, Tiborne—not *Tilborne*—was at the Tybourne, a river which crossed the present Oxford-street, near Stratford-place? As Lord Mortimer and his "counsel," Sir Simon Beresford, were among the first persons hanged there, we may be certain the site was no further west. How then can Elms-lane in Bayswater, in another parish, as much, perhaps, as a mile from the brook, and not even near the later Tyburn at the foot of Edgware-road, have any possible connection with the scene of Mortimer's death? Apart from all this, how does Mr. Hare know that Mortimer was really hanged at any elms but those in Smithfield? At p. 175, without any reference to his former statement, he says the execution did take place in Smithfield. Holinshed is no authority, but authorities are to be had in plenty. The French Chronicle asserts expressly that the execution took place "at London." Points like these would not be of much importance in any but a topographical work. We look to Mr. Hare at least not to mislead us, but when he connects Bayswater with the original Tybourne he betrays a state of mind which can best be described in the phrase, puzzle headedness.

There should be no confusion of mind in an author who professes to combine history and topography. We have had too much of it in writers on London. Like sheep they have all followed the old authorities and gone astray. It is Stowe, Stowe, in Mr. Hare's 'Walks,' as in Timbs's 'Curiosities,' and Jesse's 'Memorials,' and Cunningham's 'Handbook,' and in all the rest, to the number of perhaps a hundred, which might be named. Of the origin of the city, of its early site, of its condition under the Romans and Saxons, of its municipal institutions, so interesting in English history, yet so puzzling and so little studied, of these things we have nothing but what Stowe can tell. True, Stowe was a remarkably accurate and painstaking historian, and a wonder for his time, but have we not advanced at all in historical research since then? Are the methods which Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Green, and many more, apply so successfully to the general history of England and its people to be withheld from London. A good and true history of London would be of interest to every Englishman. There is now access to the original documents from which Stowe worked. In addition Stowe's personal observations, form a body of testimony of the utmost value, but it is almost incredible that a contemporary writer should so misuse Stowe as to give these deductions from limited evidence as if they were the evidence itself. Innumerable examples of this kind occur in Mr. Hare's 'Walks." When he endeavours to add to what he can find with the help of such a blind guide as Timbs, he is almost always mistaken. For this reason it is perhaps as well he so seldom ventures an original observation, but when he was bent on adding another to the vast heap of compilations why did he not go to the best authors from whom to compile? Has he ever heard of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, or of the Society of Antiquaries? Does he know that several volumes of the Rolls' Series relate to London, and that one of them consists mainly of those very manuscript records from which Stowe derived his information? Apparently Mr. Hare has had little or no access to these sources, though, if he can read manuscript, he might even have consulted the originals. The character of his book is revealed in an instant by a single sentence of the preface. The only two writers on old London whom he mentions expressly as having afforded him information are Mr. Timbs, and the author of some articles in a building paper. After this acknowledgment he goes on to say, "I shall gladly and gratefully receive any corrections of errors found in my work by those who follow in my footsteps." We should be very sorry to follow Mr. Hare, but have no objection to offer him a few corrections. In fact, we question whether there is a single page of the two volumes without its own error, whether of printer or of author, but for the most part of the latter. Mr. Hare writes a good style. He is able in a remarkable manner to assimilate the crude notes of Mr. Timbs and [to turn them out in pleasant, readable English. Moreover, his little vignettes are always good, and often very pretty. Mr. Hare is probably an accomplished artist, and whatever was lacking in him was well supplied by one of our most accomplished of modern "xylographers," Mr. Sulman. Mr. Hare's descriptions are often very happy, as when he speaks of the fine atmospheric effects produced by London smoke, and observes that "nowhere is the power of blue more felt in the picture." These merits only, however, seem in our eyes to make the book the worse. The elements of popularity which are likely to give it a wide circulation only render the greater the pity that such a book should stop the way. Mr. Hare has studied but too successfully in the school of the Dean of Westminster. He does not write so well, it is true, but, on the other hand, he is five times more inaccurate.

To begin at the beginning. Why does Mr. Hare give us three derivations for the name of London and not point which is right? There can be no question between Llyndun and any other. Why does he repeat Stowe's foolish tradition that "Helena, mother of Constantine the Great," built the walls? He gives no picture of Roman London, and does not point out that the existence of the interments he mentions give us an accurate guide to the size, shape, and site of the older city. In one place he falls, with Stowe, into a curious little trap. "London was the stronghold of the Danes, but was successfully besieged by Alfred, and Athelstan had a palace here." In this sentence there should be some attempt to show which Athelstan is meant. Stowe evidently meant Alfred's son, but Mr. Hare might be expected to have heard of Guthrun, the Dane, and to be able both to connect him with the newly-baptised Athelstan, and his name with that of the street which leads to the site of his palace. In his account of Cheapside he mentions Gutter-lane, but here he does not follow Stowe closely enough, for he tells us it is called after "Guthurun, an early owner." As we get on in the volume errors crowd thick. Sometimes it is an exaggeration, if the following statement is an exaggeration, and not something just the reverse, for which no rhetorical name has been invented. In the late Mr. Craik's accurate and painstaking 'Romance of the Peerage,' we read of the proud Duke of Somerset that *it was said* that he left one of his daughters twenty thousand pounds less than her sister because she sat down in his presence. Mr. Hare's expansion of the story is that he "omitted one of his daughters in his will because he caught her involuntarily napping by his bedside." This is no doubt very picturesque, and quite in what may be called the Westminster style. If we might venture to suggest an amendment, it would be to substitute "from his will" for "in his will." The English of the sentence would be improved while its accuracy would not be affected. But we have only got to page 8. Let us turn over to page 11, where we read, "The Archbishops of York had been without any town house after York Place, now Whitehall, was taken away from them by Wolsey." But was not Wolsey himself an Archbishop of York? In the second volume Mr. Hare says he built Whitehall, but avoids committing himself to any statement involving an answer to our question. Let us pass this, however, and proceed. Two pages further on we find that the water gate of York House is perhaps "the most perfect building which does honour to the name of Inigo Jones." Yet it is more correctly attributed to Nicholas Stone, whose claim Mr. Hare does not even mention. The account of the "palaces in the Strand" is most meagre. Mr. Hare evidently knows nothing about their sites before they were acquired by the great families whose names are now on the street corners. The Bishops of Bath, Exeter, Worcester, Lichfield, Llandaff, Durham, Carlisle, and Norwich, all had houses on the south side of the Strand between the fourteenth century and the sixteenth, yet Mr. Hare makes a very slight mention of only two or three. At the Savoy he pauses, and with a very pretty vignette of the church we have a lengthened but very incorrect account of the successive buildings which have stood upon the site. At p. 30 we read that the Hospital was finally dissolved by Queen Elizabeth: but Mr. Hare does not explain how, if this was the case, Miss Killigrew could be the master's daughter in 1685, as he says at p. 32. A little further on he assumes that the so called "Roman Bath" is really Roman. This reminds us of the numerous letters in which a "classical" conduit of the last century in Oxford-street was described a few years ago in the newspapers as a Roman Bath. We have hitherto put these discoveries down to the author of the paragraph about the Abbess of Kilburn Priory, but may henceforth fairly attribute them to Mr. Hare. We have not yet reached the fortieth page of the first volume, yet what a list of errors have already occurred. Unfortunately, the rest of the book is written after this beginning. At p. 169 we read that Goldsmith lived in Green *Anchor*-court. At p. 172 we are told that Giltspur-street is a continuation of Knightrider-street, which is like saying that Northampton is near Southampton. At p. 369—for we must skip—Mr. Hare seems to assume the truth of the "tradition which ascribes the first building of the Tower to Julius Cæsar." Has he never seen Mr. Clark's paper on the Tower in 'Old London?' In the second volume the errors are just as numerous, but we have no space to go into them. It would be deceiving our readers if we allowed them to think that this attractive and eminently readable book is anything but a tissue, from the first page to the last, of ignorant statements, of mistaken deductions, and of careless history—a mere jumble of crude notes, made chiefly from the writings of authors whose knowledge is almost, if not quite, as superficial as Mr. Hare's own.

AMOURS OF GREAT MEN.

Amours of Great Men. By Albert De Vandam. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

There is really something unusual in the production of such a performance as this. That any one in this busy age should think it worth his while to spin out 750 pages of idle volubility about the mistresses of men of eminence, adding not one iota to historical or critical knowledge, this indeed is almost phenomenal. We have not met with so trashy a publication for a long time, nor with so odd a caricature of a prevailing fashion among good books. Some of the most interesting and valuable works produced within the last few years have consisted of a series of semi-biographical, semi-critical studies of certain figures more or less obviously connected with one another. We could mention, at a moment's warning, six or seven such books which have attracted general attention during the last five years. Mr. de Vandam has published a dreary and ponderous parody of this sort of writing, and with the ambition of that class of persons which rushes in where more sensitive souls fear to tread, he has outdone all his predecessors in scope of subject. Studies on Dante, Petrarch and Molière, on Rousseau, Swift and Raphael, these indeed require no common skill or no common courage. But Mr. de Vandam has the courage of his ambition. He dedicates nearly a whole volume to Italian genius, confessing with an insufferable frankness that his "limited knowledge of Italian, a made dish of scraps of French and bones of Latin, flavoured by the economic *sauce piquante* of perseverance, and shaped into a presentable mould of self-instruction" has enabled him to look at the original of the 'Vita Nuova' so far as to be able to pat Mr. Theodore Martin on the back. He quotes "a Latin satirist, Lucretius, we believe," and states of a certain occasional copy of verses by Marot that "there is nothing in French poetry from La Fontaine to Musset that surpasses it." He describes at great length the world-famous portrait of the Fornarina, mentioning jauntily that his description "is taken from a beautiful copy in oil in possession of a Dutch gentleman resident in London." In short, the shallowness of the acquirements of this writer, his ignorance and inexperience seem only equalled by his boundless self-confidence.

It would not be fair in reviewing 'Amours of Great Men' to omit to mention that Mr. de Vandam believes that he has written rather a naughty book, which people will take up on the sly, but hardly be prevailed upon to lay down. He is prepared to suffer for his bold front against the hydra of conventionality, and wields his pasteboard club with the resolution of a veritable Hercules. But we can disarm his suspicions. Of course in treating so difficult a subject as love, he has not escaped a few clumsy indiscretions, but, as a rule, there is nothing in his pages to bring a blush upon the most delicate cheek. They are somnolent, dull, oppressively long-winded, but there really is nothing in them more objectionable that frivolity and foolishness.

In an epilogue to the last volume we are let into the secret of the composition of the work. Mr. de Vandam has been sitting up very late in the evening reading that clever, but rather too scientific treatise of Schopenhauer's, the 'Metaphysik der Geslechtsliebe,' and falls asleep. He dreams, as far as we are able to make out, that he is one of the asses of Kish, the father of Saul. He goes about inquiring for the Kingdom of Love, and he asks the poets and the philosophers to direct him, but without getting much information. At last he feels "the hot breath of some living thing" upon his

cheek, and looking up he sees a mule. He asks this, his kindred, who and what he is, and receives this answer:—

My name is Paradox, I am the child of Pegasus and Balaam's ass. Fear not, I mean you well. Follow me, and you shall have your wish, and know the constitution whereon is based the Kingdom of Love.

Proceeding in this elevated strain of allegory, we are informed that this learned mule conducted Mr. de Vandam "through brush and bramble, now across a smiling meadow, then through a deep and gloomy wood,;" and, at last, down a long and tortuous gallery; during the whole of this tedious excursion, not a single word was exchanged. At last, they arrived at a circular space "literally strewn with books," which Paradox kicked about "with his near foreleg" until he found that very work of Schopenhauer which we have already named. He then "suddenly reared," and, taking this volume in his teeth, he expressed himself in this affable way:—

I do not pretend to give you an exact translation, nor the whole of his "Metaphysik der Geslechtsliebe," simply a few extracts with their comments, which you may lay down at once, so as to save yourself the trouble of having to go to the original again.

We are thereupon treated to long quotations and to an argument, the aim of which is to prove that all love is purely physical, and that all the poetry of the emotions is nothing but falsity and sentimentality. We are almost ashamed of recounting this trash to our readers; but it shows in brief what a lumbering and uncouth fancy, and what a rawness of judgment the author possesses.

The contents of the book itself are adorned with titles chosen in the same chaste style. For instance, it pleases Mr. de Vandam to speak of the adoration of Danté for Beatrice as "The Love that Liveth," and to entitle the rambling essay on Raphael "Loved beneath him." A biography of Clément Marot is concealed under the name of "The Medal Reversed," and Mirabeau is disguised as "A Modern Theseus." Of all the essays that on Rousseau is the most indiscreet, that on Swift the most preposterous, and that on Raphael the most insipid; but all are in their measure insipid and preposterous and indiscreet. "Hans Memling's Love" is the title of a novelette which is gravely introduced as though it were a true story of the life of that artist, although, from end to end it is fiction, and very poor fiction too. It is supposed to take place in the year 1468, and seems to be all built up on an anonymous and unconfirmed tradition that Memling painted a portrait of Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy. In point of fact, there exists, in the opinion of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, nothing which can be positively connected with the name of the great painter of Bruges earlier than 1470.

Of most writers it may in fairness be said that if they do not excel in one branch they may hope to do so in another. "Pardon me, sir," the critic says, "your verse is bad; but I have the highest expectation of your prose." One author has no style, but we admit that he has matter. Another writes of trivial things, but his manner is exquisite. We beg these round pegs to step into round holes, and we are the first to compliment them when their work and they do fit at last. But there are some pegs for which no hole can be contrived, some writers who seem unequipped for any branch of literature. Of these last Mr. de Vandam is the most signal example we have met with for a long time.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The College crews of Oxford and Cambridge must feel rather humiliated that the Visitors' Cup, for four oars, at Henley Regatta, should have been taken away by Columbia College, U.S. This cup is confined to school and college fours, and other clubs are not allowed to compete for it. This Columbia "College" is practically a University, numbering hundreds while our colleges muster only tens; yet none the less should our colleges have been able to hold their own. There seems to have been unusual apathy, and many colleges which could have put in good fours, *e.g.*, Caius and Brasenose, did not even enter. The others were decidedly weak, with the exception of Jesus, who were a good crew, but rowed under difficulties. They had rowed three races on the day before they went to the post for the Visitors', whereas Columbia had rowed only one. Added to this, they broke their steering apparatus early in the race, and their boat soon became unmanageable. As it was, with all these difficulties, they were only a few feet behind Columbia at the Poplar Point, when they were obliged to stop as the only way to save themselves from running into the Americans, their rudder being useless. It is always easy to make excuses for defeat, and yet without undue prejudice we think no rowing man would deny that Jesus were, with reasonable luck, by far the best crew among the entries for the race.

The "Shoe-wae-cae-mette" four were a better one than the Columbia's, and beat them in the trial heat for the Stewards' Cup. But, in the final heat, they had no chance with the London Rowing Club, and, when they found themselves hopelessly beaten, they stopped rowing. These "Shoes," as they were called, were not at all like amateurs, according to the English standard, but were of the artisan class. It is in this country a rule that those who make a profession of muscular toil or manual labour, in any capacity, cannot compete in the same class with those who exert their muscles only for love. Whether a man rows, or runs, or fights, or digs, or hammers, for money, he at once ceases to be an amateur, for he is then presumed to have, from his calling, an undue advantage for developing his muscles, over those whose occupations are professionally sedentary, and who only undergo physical exertion for love. The stewards of Henley stretched a point when they admitted the entry of these "Shoes;" but it is to be hoped that in future, and in justice to *bonâ fide* English amateurs, they will look carefully into the qualifications of any foreign entry before admitting it.

These American fours rowed a very short and scratchy stroke, but were well together. So long as they maintained their pace of stroke they went fast; but they soon got tired with their rapid and frequent recovery, and their stamina was in no way commensurate with their speed. The "Shoes" wanted the London Rowing Club to row them a match; but the Londoners replied that the game was not worth the candle, and that the Americans could try their strength against London at Henley and the Metropolitan regattas if they wished.

The American Sculling Champion, Lee, gave Mr. Edwardes-Moss, of Oxford, some trouble to beat him in the trial heat for the Diamond Sculls; like the rest of the Americans he had more speed than stamina, and stopped in utter exhaustion just before the winning post. Mr. Edwardes-Moss had the outside station (which is a disadvantage round the curve of the "point"), and he chivalrously stopped dead at that place to prevent the American (who was in his wrong course) from fouling him. However, he caught him up, and beat him at the last. Yet the Oxonian is not even champion gentleman sculler, for Mr. F. Playford, of the London Rowing Club, beat him last year for the Amateur Championship. Mr. Playford did not row for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, as his hands were full with his club eight and four. We hear that Mr. Edwardes-Moss does not intend even to contest the Championship this year with Mr. Playford. The American, Lee, is, however, desirous of entering. He is not an amateur, in one sense of the word, but, as he has been allowed to row at Henley, it will be, perhaps, a laudable piece of chivalry if he is allowed to compete for the English Championship, which comes off in a few days. If he does, we need not fear the result, if Mr. Playford is fit and well.

The announcement of a play by the author of 'The Member for Paris' naturally attracted a number of theatre-goers to Mr. George Coleman's benefit at the Olympic Theatre on Saturday afternoon. Such hopes, however, as those who were well acquainted with Mr. Grenville Murray's works may have entertained can scarcely have been realised. The brilliancy which is so characteristic of Mr. Grenville Murray's novels and sketches was little evident in *Vivianne*, and, in spite of one or two striking dramatic situations, the play was uninteresting and somewhat commonplace.

As *Vivianne* owns a divided authorship, it is, of course, impossible to say how much of this is due to Mr. Grenville Murray; but, if Mr. George Canninge's writing is at all like his acting, much may be accounted for. A word of warm praise must be given to Mr. Harold Kyrle's acting of a very conventional villain, of whom he made more than could possibly have been expected from the nature of the part.

Miss Ellen Terry's part in *Olivia* will be taken by her sister, Miss Marion Terry, early in August.

A telegraph official in Stockholm has invented a new flying machine, which would, we believe, be a great success but that, unfortunately, its action demands a continued exertion of strength that would exhaust a giant in no time. This somewhat injures its present practicability.

A dancing-duel has been going on in New York between a French resident and an "American citizen." The Frenchman danced twelve hours on a stretch for a wager. The American, thinking that so great an honour should belong to his country, danced for fourteen hours, and enjoyed a brief triumph, which was soon dashed by his foreign foe, who danced for fifteen hours. This is the latest news from the seat of war, but the American is said to be preparing a great *coup—de pied*.

An enterprising Berlin publisher, when the Italian Lottery scandal came to light, wrote off at once to the ingenious inventor of this scheme for self-enrichment, inviting him to write a lottery book, to be entitled "Cabbala of the honourable Father Mattia."

Mr. Hueffer's interesting work on the Troubadours has obtained the diploma of the Felibrige, the society for the preservation of the modern Provençal language which was established in 1854, with Mistral at its head. The Emperor of Brazil and Gounod are members, and Mr. T. Marzials has recently been made a member in consequence of his admirable setting of some of the modern Provençal lyrics.

Arnold Mortier's new novel, 'Le Monstre,' has just been published by the Librairie Dentu.

Why does the author of the article on "The Tyranny of Fashion" in the *Cornhill* persist in spelling *chiton* "chyton?" This is as inexcusable as spelling *siren* "syren."

In the Berlin *Archäelogische Zeitung*, G. Hoffman points out an analogy between the Mycenæ gold masks and a similar ornament belonging to a mummy found on the Euphrates some thirty years ago.

The Poulet-Malassis sale in Paris realised some twelve thousand francs. Among the books sold, the works of Theodore de Banville fetched 219 francs; Baudelaire's "Fleurs de Mal," 215 francs, and a corrected copy of the same, 250 francs; "Les Vignes folles" of Albert Glatigny, the Ronsard devotee of the *Parnasse Contemporain*, 249 francs, and his "Fer Rouge," 203 francs; "L'Art au xviii. Siècle," by the brothers Goncourt, 240 francs.

The model for the monument to Luther which is to be set up in Eisleben, the birth-place of the great reformer, in honour of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, is now completed, and has been sent to be cast. The monument represents Luther clad in a long gown and wearing a barret. With his left hand he holds the Bible to his breast, and with his right he hurls away the Papal Bull. The pedestal of the statue is four square, with a design on each side, the foremost showing an angel, with a shield bearing the name of "Martin Luther," trampling on a recumbent devil, while the other three represent scenes in Luther's life. The first shows him arguing with Dr. Eck, the second in his study translating the Bible, the third with his family and Melancthon.

Charivari has a good hit at the Congress in representing a Turkish plenipotentiary leaning over to one of his foreign colleagues, and saying, "My Government is rather behindhand. Can you lend me ten francs?"

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Appleton, G. U.—Frozen Hearts. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) S. Tinsley and Co. 31s. 6d.
Arnold, Matthew.—Selected Poems. (Fcap 8vo, pp. 232.) Macmillan and Co.
Blue Bell Series.—A Little Western Flower. By M. C. Helmore. (Small 8vo.) Marcus Ward and Co.
Brassey, Thomas, M.A.—Lectures on the Labour Question. (Demy 8vo, pp. 336.) Longmans and Co.
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